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[NEWS OF THE CONDEMNED.]

## THE DOUBLE BONDAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Lost Coronet," "Elgiva," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

And between him and his foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first and weak and frail,  
Like the vapour of the vale,  
Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
Like Jove's armed giants starting fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky.

"GUILTY, my lord, but recommended to the mercy of the court."

The verdict came on the expectant throng like a thunder-clap on the hushed stillness of a summer atmosphere when no breath, no sound is heard to break the dread silence of earth and sky.

There had been just such an oppressive absence of the slightest whisper in that crowded court during the absence of the jury, in whose keeping lay the destiny of the unhappy prisoner at the bar.

Only once had a question been asked and answered in an undertone, by a recent comer, who had managed to work his way into the foremost rank of the audience to the side of a grave, matured man, with an expression of real, deep sadness on his singular features. The words were few but significant:

"Will it go against him?"

"I fear so. It is too clearly proved."

It might be that the voice of the younger speaker had caught the attention of the man whose fate was about to be pronounced, for upon the instant his eyes turned sharply in his direction, and a glance was exchanged between him and the individual who had asked the momentous question. It was but for a moment, and yet no one could doubt that it bespoke some acquaintance in former days, and that of no ordinary or passing nature. But it vanished, that sudden animation in the faces of both.

And ere the remarkable individual who had first attracted the new comer's attention could feel certain of its existence the recognition had given place to the same sternly maintained composure which had marked the whole demeanour of the prisoner under trial for the serious crime of forgery.

In a few brief seconds more the door opened, and the usher heralded the return of the jury into their box.

"Guilty, my lord!" was the firm, unhesitating verdict of the twelve arbiters of Raymond Lester's innocence or criminality.

And, though there had perhaps been little if any doubt in the minds of any present what that verdict would be, yet a thrill ran through the audience at the realization of such predictions. However, there was little leisure for speculation at the moment, for the judge at once began to prepare for passing sentence.

And though the gloomy black cap was not needed, as in the case of yet more fearful and savage crime, yet the expression of the fine, intellectual features of the chief justice was grave and stern as he said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of the crime of which you were accused. Have you anything to say why sentence should not now be passed upon you?"

There was a strained attention to catch the reply, and when the rich voice was heard which was so completely in accordance with Raymond Lester's intellectual face, in which gentle birth and breeding were undoubtedly stamped, it brought a strange moisture to the eyes even of the more hard and unsympathizing among the audience.

"Nothing, my lord—at least, nothing that could legally mitigate the sentence you may pass on me," he replied. "And for the rest it is idle to take up the time of the court by describing what might be extenuating circumstances. Let it be. I can but suffer like a man. The worst has been already borne."

His lips closed firmly, with the air of a man who has determined on his course; not as if some clasp-trap effort at sentimentality dictated his words.

There was no alternative, whatever might be the

secret instincts in the breast of that high legal functionary.

And the next words were brief and stern.

"Raymond Lester, the sentence of the court is that you are condemned to penal servitude for twenty years. In your case there is at least no excuse either of ignorance or necessity for your crime, save what was the fruit of ambition and recklessness. Your station in life, your past career does but add to your guilt, while it renders the punishment more terrible and more signal an example to others."

The prisoner bowed low and respectfully, though no shadow of emotion was betrayed by him, ere he left the court.

But to a keen observer it was still more indicative of mental agony to watch the ashen hue of the clear olive skin, the pain in the large, stag-like eyes, the fixed sad look of the lips, than had a paroxysm of grief and despair shaken his frame to the centre.

"It's a miserable business," observed the striking looking individual before alluded to, "a man like that, and so gifted in many ways, to fall into such frightful sin and degradation. I presume you know him, sir?" he added to the young fellow who had recently addressed him.

"Pray why should you ascribe to me that honour?" returned the person in question, who may as well be at once named as Sholto Balfour.

"Because I can read a little of the human face," replied the elder man. "And I am strangely deceived if there was not a spark of recognition in the eyes of that unlucky man and yourself. But, of course, I have no right to intrude upon any such secrets. Only I have heard enough of the past circumstances of the case to make me strangely interested in Mr. Lester and his belongings. Let me see. I think his wife is dead, is she not?"

"Yes, I believe so," was the stern, sharp reply.

And then Sholto turned away with a slight bow and rapidly walked from the court.

"A meddling old idiot," he said to himself as he took his way along the crowded purlieus of the court. "I wonder what he has to do with it. He has sharp eyes that's certain, and I don't fancy it's the

first time he has seen or heard of Lester. Any way, he did not get much out of me, that's certain. And now for the fair Laura, for fair she certainly is, in spite of the years that have passed since I first saw her, in my early childhood, and thought her almost a divinity."

He went rapidly on, after this monologue, till he reached one of the small streets in the purlieus of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there he stopped, at a respectable though modest little house, at which he applied for admission by a double knock of a peculiar character, followed by two sharp, short pulls of the bell at the side of the door.

It was quickly answered by a very young but tolerably neat maid servant, who replied in the affirmative to his inquiry:

"Is Mrs. Nugent at home?"

The applicant did not stop to receive permission, but hastily ran up the short flight of stairs, and entered a room of which the half-opened door seemed to invite the intrusion.

It was simply but not altogether untastefully furnished, and though it was evidently the abode of persons in humble circumstances yet there was a degree of womanly grace in the arrangement of the few knick-knacks that varied the plain articles of furniture, that gave an air of refinement to the modest apartment, and the inmates somewhat corresponded to the entourage.

A female of some twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age sat on a reclining chair near the fireplace, a book in her hand, which had certainly not been lately perused, since it was turned the reverse way of the leaves, and yet held as if for use by the long, slender fingers of its owner.

She was still splendidly handsome, though the first round and glittering splendour of her beauty had passed into the maturer stage when the outline of the face hardens and the brilliancy of the eyes blazes rather with passion than with the gay vivacity of youth.

But Laura Nugent was still in the full glow of the charms that gave her the claim to be called "the handsomest brunette they had known" by many a real or casual admirer.

On a low stool at her feet sat a child of perhaps five years old, whose early blossoming of unusual beauty and vigorous intelligence of expression was as lovely as could be imagined by the most successful and idealistic artist.

The soft child features were not so totally unformed as to make their development doubtful, nor yet so sharp as to give fear of harsher outline in after life.

Yes, she was a rare specimen of child beauty was that little Gwenda, and so Sholto Balfour thought. But he had little time for speculation, Laura Nugent's eyes and keen, questioning voice arrested him at the moment.

"Well, what is it, yes or no to that trifling charge?" she said, in a sharp, sarcastic tone, that betrayed the eager anxiety concealed under the mocking words.

"Yes," was the calm, decided answer.

And Laura shrank down in her chair, and her hands for a few moments concealed her face ere she next spoke.

"How does he bear it?"

"I cannot tell. He looked calm and brave. I have no other means of judging. You will go and see him, will you not?"

Again there was that sharp, sudden thrill and its equally rapid conquest.

"Why should I? He should surely send for me ere I force myself on his notice," she said.

"No, no. Not under the especial circumstances," returned Sholto. "He is in grief and danger, it is for his friends to rally round and to comfort him now. Shall I go and see him first? shall I learn his pleasure if you hesitate?" he continued, more mildly.

"Perhaps. Yes, it is better so," she exclaimed. "Listen, Mr. Balfour. You, of all persons living, can best appreciate my position. Raymond Lester owes to me all, all, yes, even to the shelter given to this unfortunate child."

Mr. Balfour's eyes riveted themselves on the lone little girl with calm, deliberate examination.

"This is his daughter then, and not yours?" he asked, in a somewhat enigmatic style that might be susceptible of either meaning that was to be attached to the words.

A dark vermilion, either from shame or resentment, overspread her cheeks, but she accepted the safest interpretation of the expression.

"It is Mr. Lester's child, not mine," she said, haughtily. "If he desire it I will take her to him."

"That is surely not problematic. I will myself ascertain his orders," returned Sholto. "I presume there can be little doubt he will wish to see the pretty child. Well, any one might consider it a certain thing in my opinion, especially when it is such a pretty little creature as this child."

Laura glanced half jealously at the little Gwenda. "You think her good-looking, or at least that she will be so?" she asked.

"Both," was the brief response. "I never saw a more perfect promise of beauty. I could be content to secure the blossom, certain that it will open into the flower."

A rapid flash flamed over the woman's face.

"Well," she resumed, after a moment's pause, "as you say, it is a time for his friends and well-wishers to rally round him, and if you can obtain an order and a permit from himself and the jailer, I will go."

"And be kind and consolatory?" he asked.

"So far as in me lies—which very much depends on himself," she answered. "Will you, and can you obtain the permission?"

"I believe I can. I am certain that I can," he answered, quickly.

"Do you know he never told me what was the link that bound you together?" she returned, after a brief silence. "There is so great a separation in most respects between him and the gay and very young Sholto Balfour."

"That might be an attraction," he replied, lightly.

"As well search for the motives of strange marriages as of such friendships as ours. It's sufficient that I found him agreeable, brilliant, serviceable. That was my motive for the connection, his could be better explained by himself," he added, rather sardonically.

Mrs. Nugent gave a slight, sneering smile, that was not becoming to her handsome features.

"Well," she said, after a pause, "well, I care not so that I have the chance of seeing and of bidding him farewell. Let me hear from you with as little delay as possible, Mr. Balfour," she said, with the air rather of a queen than a suppliant.

The young man's lips curled, but he did not give utterance to the thought that brought the same to his lips.

"You shall hear from me ere many hours are past," he said, rising to depart. "There will be but little time to spare ere the sentence is carried into effect, and I counsel you to remain in waiting should I have to summon you quickly."

She bowed a cold assent.

"I have few engagements—fewer still that take me from home," she said. "I shall wait for your summons without even leaving this poor house, Mr. Balfour."

The young man bowed courteously and in another minute the woman was alone.

"Yes, yes," she murmured. "I must see him and learn his last wishes. But for what purpose remains a secret, save to me, Laura Nugent, and to the sure revelation of time."

## CHAPTER II.

Honey from silk worms who can gather?

Or silk from the yellow bee?

The grass may grow in wintry weather

As soon as huts in me.

A passion like the one I prove

Cannot divided be;

I hate thy want of truth and love,

How should I then hate thee?

RAYMOND LESTER was on the eve of the last days he was likely to spend in the land of his birth, his happiness, and his crime and misery.

He knew it all, he appreciated to the utmost the agony that was his portion, he drank to the dregs that bitter cup of misery, still he was calm, outwardly calm, and no one could have suspected the sleepless nights and the suffering days that were well nigh sufficient punishment for his sin.

But there was yet one more drop to be drained, one interview to be endured, that would be all that remained in the old country he was about to quit.

And each moment as he sat in that prison cell, and listened to the approaching footsteps, seemed one long rack of torture to his excited brain.

At length it came.

The heavy step of the warder, and, what could only be caught by the senses quickened by suffering, a lighter footfall as of a woman's tread, and in another minute the door opened and the tall, graceful form of Laura Nugent passed slowly into the room.

"A lady to see you," growled the jailer.

And then the door was closed, and the two were alone.

There was silence for some moments which Mr. Lester was the first to break.

"This is your time of triumph, Laura."

"And of your humiliation, Raymond; but I am no base, mean nature to rejoice in the curse that has fallen on your head," she replied, quietly, "else I should not have obeyed your summons nor sheltered your child."

He started as if galvanised at the words.

"Laura, that is the most cruel torture I have to bear. My poor Gwenda, my injured child, to be thus abandoned at her tender years."

Laura gave a slight cry of pain.

"It is you who are cruel, Raymond. When I have forgotten all but that I once loved you, and

have taken your child as my own charge, my cherished one, is this to be my reward?"

"No, no; forgive, forgive me," he exclaimed, suddenly seizing her hand and clasping it in his.

"Laura, Heaven help me, but it is only too true that you were, you always have been my only real love, and it is from that one great event of my life that all its sins and sufferings have sprung. A loveless marriage and a joyless home were bad schooling for a nature like mine. But that is all over now, and it is only of my innocent Gwenda that I would speak at such a moment. Laura, will you indeed be as a mother to her even though she is the child of your rival?"

"Is she not yours, Raymond?" was the soft response.

"Noble and good, noble and good," he repeated, fervently. "Ah, Laura, why did I not know you sooner, and when I might have made you mine in the sight of Heaven and man? But now that you are returning good for evil it is as a torture for me to remember the past."

"Then forget it, save to be confident in my truth and affection," she returned, "but tell me what you desire for her. Shall I bring her to you? Even now she is within call. I can soon place her in your arms."

He shuddered visibly.

"No, Laura, no. I will not see her. Her last vision of her father shall not be as a disgraced felon. Let her believe me dead. Let her not even know my name to risk a knowledge of the terrible truth coming to her young ears. Give her your name, Laura. Call her your niece, cousin; what you will, if you will not risk the bringing her up as a daughter. Only keep from her the knowledge of my crime and disgrace, teach her to think kindly of me and to weep over my grave, not shrink from my shame."

There was a touching pathos in his tone that would have brought a moisture even to many eyes. But Laura, perhaps for the unhappy prisoner's sake, commanded her emotion under a strange, calm, strong exterior.

"Raymond," she said, "now in this our last parting we may well be candid as to the past. You say you loved—nay, that you always have loved me. Yet you abandoned me in former days, and even when your wife died, and you could have atoned for the injury you had done, you never sought me out, and asked me to forgive and to love you still, till this great disgrace fell on you, and all shrank from you as from the plague, all save poor Laura Nugent, your deserted love, Raymond."

He had flushed painfully during her speech.

"You ask what will but deepen my humiliation, Laura. The truth was that I had made myself so helplessly dependent on my father's bounty that I was fain to purchase it at any cost. And the stern condition then was a solemn promise on my part that I would never under any circumstances renew my acquaintance with you, or make you my wife. It almost seemed," he added, sighing, "as if he had foreseen poor Winifred's early death. Thank Heaven she was spared this misery and shame."

"Then you did, you do love her?" asked the woman, sharply, in rasping tones.

"As I might a dear friend, a gentle sister," he replied, sadly. "Not as I loved you, Laura. You had the whole passionate fervour of my youth, and it has not been rekindled in maturer years. But all this is idle mockery now," he went on, impatiently. "It is not of myself and my sins and follies I would speak in these precious moments. You promise me—as you would to the dying—that you will carry out my wishes, that you will bring up Gwenda in ignorance of her real name and birth?"

"I do," she said, firmly. "Yes, from my very soul I promise, Raymond."

"Thanks—thanks. There are only a few more arrangements to make. There is a slender pittance that Gwenda inherits from her mother, and that will at least prevent your suffering in purse from your generous devotion. It is but some thirty pounds a year, but it is enough for a child's nurture, and when she is of age she can add to it by her own talents and exertions."

"It is so far a comfort that the poor child is not destitute," returned Laura, gently. "But where and how is it to be claimed, Raymond?"

He looked embarrassed at the question.

"I had forgotten. It will be difficult, but yet I think it could be managed for Sholto Balfour to take my place as trustee, and he should be the only other repository of the secret of her birth. There can be no fitter person than the distant relative of her mother, and I do not suppose he will find any trouble in accomplishing it."

"But should you come back and I, perhaps, be dead, what then? You would have lost all clue to your child," returned Laura.

Raymond gave an impatient gesture.

"I return, Laura. You are but mocking me. Do you suppose I could endure twenty years of such misery and hardship? No, no. It will not be for



long. I shall soon fall a victim to my just punishment, and Gwenda never even guess the spot where her father lies. Well, so much the better," he added, changing his tone to a harder accent. "And may Heaven bless her with all that can bring the truest and the noblest happiness and honour on her young head; and tell her that I blessed her in my last hours, and that she was the sole earthly care and love I had left to me."

Again the dark look came over Laura's face, but this time she made no reply or comment, and only glanced to the door to see whether the approaching footsteps in the passage were a signal for her departure.

The door did indeed open and the rough but not uncivil warder appeared.

"Now, ma'am, if you please the time's up, and the prisoner can only have one visitor at a time you see, and there's a gentleman waiting who is anxious to see him, only I don't exactly know the name. So please to take your leave, ma'am, at once."

The good-hearted fellow did indeed retire a little as if to allow the prisoner and the lady some liberty in their farewell.

But Raymond Lester only pressed Laura's hand in his, and then bending forward printed a grave kiss on her brow.

"Farewell, Laura, farewell," he said, sadly; "may Heaven deal with you as you do with my poor orphan child. You will be rewarded richly whether for good or evil, though I, alas, am out of the pale of mercy or blessing."

Then turning calmly to the warder he bade him conduct the lady from the place.

"Who is this person who is waiting, my friend?" he asked, "not Mr. Balfour, is it? you would remember him, surely. I don't need strangers to torment me now."

"No, Mr. Lester, it is not," he replied, "it is a stranger, but I don't think you'd better refuse to see him, for he has a special order from the governor, and he came in a carriage I know. It can't matter now, you see."

"No," repeated Lester, bitterly, "no, it does not. Let the whole world see my degradation, it is patent to all who may choose to be interested in my guilt and misery."

The man did not wait to hear these concluding words, but hurried Laura Nugent away as rapidly as possible from the spot.

In some two or three minutes more he returned and ushered in the new comer with the announcement:

"Gentlemen to see you, sir."

The visitor's figure and face were not altogether new to Raymond Lester, though he could not at once recall where he had seen them before.

In truth the vague memory recalled but mistily the fact that his eyes had been momentarily attracted to that remarkable face on the terrible day of his trial even in the height of his suspense and agony, though since forgotten in more engrossing subjects.

It was the same very mature man who had been addressed by Sholto Balfour, and who had impressed the young man so strongly by his peculiar manner and air that he had frequently speculated afterwards on the chances of his having been connected with the unhappy prisoner of whom they had thus spoken.

But there was a different expression and air over his whole face and mien now. He looked actually younger with his carefully made toilet, his air of careless command that seemed to be habitual to his every gesture, and self-reliant ease of manner.

Raymond Lester was too much accustomed to the aristocratic element in the social world not to comprehend all this at a glance; and, strangely enough, his own pride and high breeding appeared to be roused by the contact, even in the midst of his own degradation. There was a kind of lofty grace in the bow with which the condemned felon received his unknown visitor that might have brought a smile to the lips of a looker on as that greeting was exchanged.

"You have the advantage of me in more respects than one," were Raymond's first words when the door was closed. "My name and story have a very unenviable notoriety, but I thought even a criminal might claim some choice in receiving his visitors."

"Certainly, Mr. Lester, and believe me I would have respected your privacy only that my business was urgent and I hope important to yourself as well as to me. So I would not risk the chance of a refusal to admit me when I desired to act the part of a friend."

"A friend, and yet utterly unknown to me," was the incredulous response. "I am a complete stranger even to your name you will remember," he continued, as a slight scorn came over his companion's lips that perhaps betokened some evil to Raymond's favored nerves.

"True, true," replied the stranger, more kindly, when the momentary bitterness had passed away. "I should not forget that, as you observe, the whole advantage is in my part of the situation at present. However that can quickly be removed by my in-

forming you of my name and purpose in visiting you. I am called Count Albert Fontane, and though my ancestors, title and estates are Italian yet on my mother's side I am English, and through her I feel and indeed profess a strong interest in this my adopted country and its sons. Indeed I believe I am more than half English," he added, with a smile.

Raymond bowed in silence.

He did not even then see that this gave any explanation of the stranger's visit, and the thought seemed to be penetrated with instinctive quickness by the stranger.

"I comprehend you," he said; "you do not understand what that has to do with my visit to you to-day. And it needs a keen insight into human nature and its peculiarities to fully realize its effects on my present action. But it is even so, and I will try and explain it to you as I best may."

It was remarkable how Raymond Lester could be won to the slightest interest in what did indeed appear such extraneous subjects as an unknown stranger's birth and circumstances. Yet, even as drowning men catch at straws, so there was a vague hope inspired by the very mystery of the visit to his cell and the significant hints that there were friendly motives for so remarkable a proceeding.

"Perhaps you will be as brief as possible, sir," he said, striving to hide his real eagerness under a mask of impatience at the interruption, "you will imagine I have other things to occupy my thoughts than mere idle curiosity as to your birth and history."

Count Albert smiled triumphantly.

"No doubt, and I think I can divine the chief subject of your anxiety. You have a child, Mr. Lester, if I am not misinformed."

The unhappy prisoner bowed assent; he could not trust himself to speak.

"It is of her I would speak to you," said the count. "Are you inclined to give up the rights and authority of a parent, should it be possible to procure a home for her, as an adopted child, where she would be sheltered and educated according to her station?"

Raymond laughed bitterly.

"Pray what is her station, count, since that you say is your title? Is she as a felon's daughter to be brought up suitably to her father's position at the hulks among gangs of thieves and rogues, a sort of beggar's offspring?" he added, scornfully. "Or is she, my darling, to be nurtured as the gently born daughter of ancestors whom I have done my best to disgrace," he went on, with a sarcastic smile, "but whose blood was, at least, free from plebeian taint for many a long generation?"

Count Albert turned his head, perhaps to conceal the contempt that curled too obviously his well-formed lips.

"You have a good word in your not over expressive language for what I would convey to you, Mr. Lester, as my meaning. If you consent to my proposal, your child shall be brought up as a lady. Will that suffice you?"

Raymond seemed to study the stranger's lineaments with an abstracted attention that left it doubtful whether he even heard the last words.

"I fancy I have seen you before," he said; "yes, in former days we certainly must have met, and, as it seems to me, not under pleasant or satisfactory circumstances. I have a vague sense of something that recalls at once danger and disgrace as connected with your presence."

"Perhaps. I am not here to discuss useless memories and gone-by episodes," returned the count.

"The great question is now of your child and her destiny. Will you entrust her to me?—will you give her over to me, as my own? It is but a nominal sacrifice to make. You can never hope to bring her back to your home or heart as your daughter; you lose nothing and gain all by yielding to my request."

"And pray under whose guardianship, and with what security?" asked Raymond, in a tone that his companion did not understand.

"Oh, mine, so far as the arrangements for her education and maintenance of course," was the reply, "but I shall take care she shall have proper female management in her bringing up, till she is of an age to take her place in my house. And, as to provision for her, I will engage to secure her against poverty and distress so far as money will guard a girl from harm."

"One more question. Why is all this? what interest can you have in the child of a stranger whom you have never even seen?" asked the prisoner, calmly.

"I do not see what that has to do with your decision," replied the count, evasively. "Perhaps I am anxious for a child to cheer me in my after years—perhaps I have other reasons for desiring your little Gwenda's presence in my home."

"Gwenda! Then you know her name—you have perhaps seen her!" exclaimed Lester, impetuously.

"Pardon me, I have not seen her. I have been told that is her name. I understand she promises

to be pretty," was the careless response. "Again I must remind you that all this is most extraneous to the subject, and press you for a reply. I am ready to give you my pledge as to your daughter's safety and provision as my adopted child, if you will consent to engage at no future time, or under any circumstances to claim her, or to inform her of her real birth."

Mr. Lester started.

It was a repetition of the very resolution he had but a brief hour since so solemnly pressed on Laura Nugent.

But, strangely enough, it did but strike on his heart with a harsh, cold agony, that was perhaps entirely unreasonable, but which he could not subdue. Laura's voice, Laura's promises, Laura's sharp and too well-deserved reproaches all sounded in his ears like a warning knell, that bade him pause in his reply.

"Count Albert, if that is your name," he said, firmly, "I tell you to your face that I do not trust you, nor will I give to you the most precious possession I have to a stranger's keeping. My child is my unworthy self's chief blessing. She is the sole memento of a much-injured wife, and I will not thus forfeit the claim that is not even forfeited by the felon. No, my fame, my character is gone for ever, my gold, such as it was, is forfeited to my country's laws. But no power on earth can take from me the child of my heart. She shall not be given to a stranger, Count Albert."

The stranger gave a self-satisfied, complacent smile.

"Very heroic no doubt, very high tall-talk, Mr. Lester; but it seems to me that it is very foolish. The simple question is whether your child is to be a forlorn, deserted, helpless waif on the world, with the very doubtful privilege of retaining you as her father, and having a right and protection some twenty years since, or whether you will ensure to her comfort, safety, and a suitable education, which will be the first passport to a brilliant destiny hereafter? That is the rude way of putting the affair. If you are obstinate I have no more to say, still I give you the serious and confident prediction that you are struggling in vain against your destiny. Gwenda Lester's fate is entwined with mine as surely as your blood flows in her veins, strive as you will."

There was a low, ominous, thrilling tone in the stranger's voice that might well send a shiver to the already shaken nerves of the convict. But still the father's instinct was strong within him, and he looked despairingly at the tempter with the proud yet shrinking resolution that a sensitive nature alone can inspire.

"Do as you will, I am prepared; but I will not vary in my determination. My Gwenda is already under the protection of one in whom I can trust, and in her keeping I am content to leave her, with the faith that Heaven's blessing and guidance will rest on the worse than orphan girl."

Count Albert laughed scornfully.

"Fool!" he said, "and worse than fool! to parody your own pathetic cadence. Mr. Lester, in my turn will read this lesson in your ears, as I am confident that fate will aid my own strong will. Your Gwenda will be in my power in spite of all you can do or arrange, though as yet I shall not attempt to resist your blind infatuation! Shall I give you some inkling of my knowledge, Raymond Lester?" he went on, in a voice different from that he had hitherto used; "shall I whisper to you one well-known name to convince you that I am not altogether ignorant of your antecedents? There was a beautiful woman, for whom if I mistake not you would have sinned even more deeply than your present crime. She was well worthy of homage, was the fair Laura; yes, that countryman of mine who in his day lost his senses at that very name could scarcely have had a more charming ideal than your English love!"

Raymond's cheeks had flushed and then whitened like a burning coal that wastes itself in worthless dust.

"Silence!" he said, in a low, concentrated tone, "prisoner that I am, I will not endure this, I will not hear such insults unrevenged!"

His hands clenched, and his eyes blazed in a threatening fire, which sent his companion by an involuntary start nearer to the door for some protection from such an outburst.

"Do not add murder to your other crimes, my good sir," observed the count, scornfully; "I assure you it will do no possible good. The fact is I am come of a race that can command some amount of hereditary power, somewhat above ordinary mortals, my good Mr. Lester. Such things are not altogether uncommon even in your country, and certainly not in my own land. Your daughter's fate is blended with mine by an indissoluble link for which I cannot account, but which is certain and powerful as life itself. It only rests with you to make it good or evil by yielding her up to my guidance or else tempting fate by resisting its plans and mysterious dictates. There is brief time to decide," he went

on, as he heard the steps of the officials approaching the door. "Shall there be enmity or friendship between us?"

Lester paused yet a few moments ere his decision was fully taken. His eyes were closed as if to shut out surrounding objects from his sight, or to raise his heart in prayer to Him he had but too entirely neglected in thought and word and deed.

But when he again spoke his voice had a harsh ring in it which spoke rather of a resentful if impotent bitterness than such calm strength as might have been derived from more noble and less human sources.

"Do your worst," he said, bitterly, "do your worst. I defy you to harm that innocent child by your fiendish machinations. She is already cared for by one who will not yield her up when she has pledged to preserve her, even at the cost of her own very life and peace. I will not consent to give over every right, every instinct of my nature. Bad as I am! degraded as I feel, at least I am a man, and my child has my heart's blood in her veins. Now leave me! I shall not change were you to torture me for the brief remainder of my existence in this miserable den."

Count Albert stood in silent abstraction for a brief space.

"I am sorry," he said, "for your infatuation, albeit it will make small difference in my plans or purposes; still, it would have been much more satisfactory had the transfer been arranged instead of being left to my own powers to manage. Adieu, Mr. Lester; when we meet again our positions may be reversed, and our conduct also."

"True, Count of Fontane, true. It may be so. Our positions may be changed, ay, and our conduct also. Now leave me, I am weary of your presence," and he waved the count from the cell as if he were a sovereign dismissing the offender from his palace instead of a condemned felon in a prison cell.

(To be continued.)

#### GREAT TALKERS.

JOHNSON perhaps set the fashion of estimating the capacities of a man by his colloquial powers. His opinion of Burke was that you could not talk with him five minutes without saying, "This is an extraordinary man." Johnson honoured a man who fairly put his mind to his. If we pass in review the most eminent of those who are remembered as conversationalists, it is doubtful whether we shall find a single name that can be for a moment opposed to that of Johnson. Curran, as a converser, was infinitely Burke's superior. As a converser, Curran was, indeed, the first man of his day—of a day of intellectual giants. Horne Tooke, with all his respect and friendship for Grattan, allowed Curran to be superior in wit to Grattan. "Curran's the man who struck me most," wrote Lord Byron. "The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than ever I have seen written."

George Selwyn achieved his reputation as a wit rather than a talker. As a wit he stood in the first rank. If he was not always as sparkling he was always less premeditated than Sheridan. Walpole, who rarely praised any one, praises Selwyn. The pearls that Selwyn carelessly threw from him Walpole carefully collected and reset in his correspondence. He was eminently and wholly a man of fashion. He luxuriated away a life of seventy-two years in clubs and conversation, in the House of Commons, and the card-rooms at Arthur's. Lord Holland knew his worth as a friend when, on being confined to his bed, he heard that George Selwyn had called. "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls," said his lordship, "show him up. If I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; if I am dead he'll be delighted to see me."

**LEARN TO WAIT.**—Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, to wait, seeing no such result as effort seems to warrant, nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or to relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

**SLEEP.**—In answer to the question, "Can a man keep well on four hours' sleep?" a contemporary replies: "There may be instances when four hours of sleep are sufficient, but for the race it is only about half enough. The ill effects of insufficient sleep may be witnessed on some of the principal organic functions, but it is the brain and nervous system that suffer chiefly and in the first instance. The consequences of a very protracted vigil are too well known

to be mistaken, but many a person is suffering—unconscious of the cause—from the habit of irregular and insufficient sleep. One of its most common effects is a degree of nervous irritability and peevishness, which even the happiest self-discipline can scarcely control. That buoyancy of the feelings, that cheerful, hopeful, trusting temper that springs far more from organic conditions than from mature and definite convictions, gives way to a spirit of dissatisfaction and dejection, while the even demeanour, the measured activity are replaced either by a lassitude that renders any exertion painful, or an impatience and restlessness not very conducive to happiness. Upon the intellectual powers the mischief is still more serious. They not only lose that healthy activity which combines and regulates their movement in the happiest manner, but they are no longer capable of efforts once perfectly easy. The conceptions cease to be clear and well defined, the power of endurance is weakened, inward perceptions are confounded with outward impressions, and illusory images obtrude themselves unbidden upon the mind. This kind of disturbance may pass sooner or later into actual insanity, and many a noble spirit has been utterly prostrated by habitual loss of rest."

#### HE CHOSE THE BETTER WAY.

I SAW them leave their happy home,  
Two brothers, young and fair,  
The light of love was in their hearts,  
And hope was living there;  
A father's blessing they received,  
They heard a mother's prayer.

They sought the city's crowded mart,  
Where bustling business ran—  
A steady tide of industry,  
The work of busy man.  
And there, with hope and energy,  
Life's earnest work began.

The flight of years to manhood brought  
The twin, and still the sky  
Was bright with hope, and life was sweet,  
The days passed happily,  
And oft that mother's gentle prayer  
Was heard in memory.

There came a dark, sad day; one felt  
The tempter's wicked spell;  
He listened to the siren voice,  
He yielded and he fell;  
Alas! that voice to all his joys  
Was but the warning knell.

The other won the praise of men,  
And in life's twilight gray,  
That father's blessing, mother's prayer,  
Breathed on that parting day,  
In memory lived to comfort him  
Who chose the better way.

C. D.

**THE TRUE MAN.**—Nine-tenths of the alleged inhumanity of mankind is owing to their being deceived. If people are sure of an accident or calamity, crowds hasten to relieve it. By veracity we charm in conversation; by sincerity we influence opinion; by trustworthiness we render friends loving and secure, and to the general confidence of men, and, by thus strengthening the foundation of society, acquire the right to an analogous personal sense of worth and firmness. Truth gives a sense of security to the feeblest man, as lying does of insecurity to the strongest. The true man has but one answer to give to his interrogators, one story to tell them, nobody's face to fear.

**CONCERNING MEMORY.**—It is doubtful if there ever lived a man who possessed that quality in so remarkable a degree as the historian Niebuhr. When only twelve years of age he astonished all by his knowledge of history, statistics, and geography. He acquired twenty languages. His memory never gave up what he had once made his own. His wife and sister tried him in Gibbon, and questioned him, according to the index, on the most trivial points; but they soon gave up the hope of finding him ignorant of any point of history, however unimportant. Yet, with all his learning, he delighted in lively and witty conversation, and the joyous games of children.

**DANGER FROM A COLD ROOM.**—Fresh air is good always, but it may be too cool for health. Ventilation is important, but it will not be safe to secure it by opening windows in winter. People may be overzealous for an object, and push it to great extremes, as many think it unhealthy to sleep in a warm room in winter. Dr. Hall protests earnestly against sleeping in cold rooms, or opening windows in chambers during the winter. One feels the change instantly on going from a warm room into the open air in

winter, and but for vigorous exercise the whole system would receive a sudden shock from the great change. There is equal danger in passing from warm sitting-rooms to cold chambers. The lungs have a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, and if they inhale air all night at forty or thirty degrees, the result may be inflammation of the lungs, or pneumonia. Dr. Hall says: "It is safer to sleep in a bad air with a temperature over fifty than in a pure air with a temperature under forty. The bad air may disgust you, but cannot kill you; the cold air can and does kill very often."

**DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS.**—Some interesting Roman remains have just been discovered at Mesnil, near Lillebonne, Seine-Inférieure, on an estate belonging to M. Montier-Huet. They consist of a series of tombs containing various relics, among which may be mentioned a small vial with a narrow neck, as if made for some liquid to be poured out drop by drop; a metallic cover for a vase, a large earthenware jar, a statue of a female holding a funeral urn, covered with a veil, and a stone bearing the inscription, "Mecari." These articles are mutilated, and the spot bears traces of fire.

#### HORSE-BREAKING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In foreign countries when the colt is first broken a bit of a severity greater than that in common use is put into his mouth. The rough-rider gets upon his back, and something like the following scene occurs. The young horse, feeling a strange weight upon him, probably begins by leaping up with all feet from the ground, at the same time curving his back—a proceeding known as "buck-jumping;" finding that this does not dislodge his rider, he lowers his head and kicks violently, hoping to send the rider over his head. The latter instantly draws the bridle tight, and throws the horse's head so high that kicking is impossible to him, for, to be able to kick, a horse has to hold his head low. Baffled again, he rears, and the man instantly loosens the reins and applies the spurs sharply. The horse drops to his forefeet, and, as a last resource to escape from his tormentor, runs away. He is pulled up by the action of the powerful bit, which holds his jaw like a vice so long as he tries to resist it; but he does not try for long, for such a bit as is used is, in truth, irresistible. Then, completely at his wits' end, the poor beast stands trembling, quite cowed, and breaking out in a profuse perspiration. Thereupon, the rider coaxes him and pats him, and (to use an expressive word employed by the late Mr. Rarey, of horse-taming celebrity) "gentles" him. The horse may be supposed to argue that there is no contending against a power and an intelligence which he has learned to perceive are superior to his own. He has discovered that farther contention is useless; whatever attempt at resistance or aggression he has made has been checked and mastered, and he submits. The horse is broken.

Let us now examine the process of horse-breaking as performed in England, and see how these various conditions are fulfilled. The rough-rider, armed with a stout ash sapling and a heavy pair of spurs, mounts the unbroken colt, who is bitted with the ordinary English double bridle. The colt kicks, and his bit is jerked violently, and he is spurred, and violently struck with the stick. He plunges, and is again corrected. He rears; and here comes into action the well-known "artifice of the English horse-breaker, a feat which it takes a marvellously quick hand and perfect nerve to accomplish without danger. When the horse is standing high in the air he is pulled over by the rider and falls backward, the rider slipping to one side to avoid being crushed. The risk to the horse is great, the risk to the rider immense; and it may be doubted whether after all the habit of rearing is ever cured by this heroic method. Should the colt run away—and almost every previously untrained horse attempts to do so—the shortcomings of the English system are conspicuous. Unless the horse's mouth is unusually tender the English bit is incapable of holding him; the man puts out his strength, the horse exerts his, and often gets the best of the struggle and gallops long and far. Whether he is eventually mastered or not, the horse has perceived that the rider's superiority is not incontestable, and he acquires in future a habit of resisting whenever he is frightened or irritated, and often merely from high spirit he gets into a habit of bolting. His mouth in the meantime has become callous; in other words, he comes to be hard-mouthed; for the final victory of the English breaker is rarely obtained without an immense amount of jaggling and jerking and pulling of the bit. The horse is essentially a creature of habit; he associates being ridden with fighting against the bit in his mouth. If he could have been persuaded at first and at once that resistance was useless he would have given in and acquired a habit of submission.





[ALFRASCO'S FATE.]

# THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

A FEW minutes passed, and then the priest recalled Count Tancred to the royal presence.

The noble and saintly face of the benevolent priest was glowing with joy; but without hinting to Tancred what had been said to him in private by the queen, he departed, leaving the count with the queen.

"Now, Count Tancred," said the queen, "tell me how it was that Sicardo found the Valdalla Crown."

"Sicardo," replied Count Tancred, "having learned, some weeks ago, that his infant son had been carried from Forza to Naples, returned from his pursuit of certain Greek pirates, and made a landing on the coast of Del Parso. He had business with Cosmo—that is the Duke Leonato. He wished to deliver to the duke a message from the King of Sicily and Aragon. He visited the cottage of the duke. There he found an old woman, who told him of the death of Borrelli, of the duke's arrest and condemnation, of the pardon granted by Lord Colonna at the intercession of Vittoria, of much more which must now be known to thy majesty. Sicardo saw in the death of Borrelli the agency of Alfrasco. He went to Atrani. His sharp inquiries there assured him that the malice of Count Alfrasco had been and was still at work. At Atrani he saw a copy of thy royal proclamation concerning the Valdalla Crown. He remembered that the old woman at the cottage had on her head a golden band whose peculiar shape he had noticed. He returned to the cottage.

"Where foundest thou that golden band?" he asked of the old woman.

"Is it indeed a golden band? I thought it was but brass. I found it before the gate out there," replied the old woman. "It used to be worn by Cosmo's daughter. I showed it to some of my gossip, and they said it had fallen from the head of Cosmo's daughter when she swooned at the gate as her father cursed her and said she was worthy to be the sister even of Sicardo the terrible brigand. So I kept it. That is all I know about it. Signorina Vittoria used to wear it. I have heard it said that she found it two years ago in the forest near the fountain."

"I will give thee its weight in golden coin for it," said Sicardo.

"Thou mayest have it for a golden ducat, for it is certain we are never to see any of the family in Del Parso again," said the woman.

"And thus the ancient band became Sicardo's. He examined it ere he purchased it. He knew it was the lost Valdalla crown."

"Ah," here sighed the queen, "it was no wonder she became irresistibly lovely while wearing the magic crown of Queen Valdalla! Yes, Lord Colonna did love me until he fell within the subtle and irresistible influence which radiates by the power of magic from the brow of any woman who wears this crown."

"Yes, thy majesty," said the count, whose keen eye penetrated the superstitious mind of the queen, "it is believed by many that the wearer of the Valdalla crown hath power to win back even lost love, ay, and to become beautiful and youthful again. But let me continue. Sicardo concealed the crown and hurried to the castle of Zapponetto."

"Ah!"

"He meant to capture the beloved son of Count Alfrasco, and to hold the infant as a hostage until the Grand Constable—who adores his infant grandson—should release Cosmo and his family."

"But why? What to the brigand are Cosmo and his family—that is Duke Leonato, thy father, and his wife and daughter?"

"I have more than once saved the life of Sicardo, and he had sworn to befriend all whom I love."

"Ah, now I understand. Even brigands have gratitude," said the queen. "And as Sicardo sought to aid thy parents thou art zealous for him."

"True, thy majesty. Sicardo had with him at Zapponetto a strong force. He surprised and captured the castle of Alfrasco, who was himself absent."

"The audacious outlaw! To dare make actual war in my realm! I will set all the forces of the kingdom at work—"

"Nay, thy majesty, I hold here thy royal pardon for all his acts up to the hour when, for him, I did deliver to thee the Valdalla Crown!"

"It is true," said the queen. "Thou art wily, Count Tancred. But go on."

"Sicardo seized first upon Manfredi."

"I know the knave. A follower of Lord Alfrasco."

"He was already not far from the agonies of death. His blood was tainted with the poison of a viper. He confessed many of his evil deeds to me. He was penitent as the child of death came upon him. He bade me save the life of Signorina Ergivetta. Sicardo had him carried to the presence of Ergivetta di Vampa. To her the dying Manfredi confessed that when, on the day before, Count Alfrasco had departed from the castle, he had given him poison to administer to the signorina, of whose love Alfrasco had tired. Then the love that she had hitherto borne for Count Alfrasco changed to hate and rage. She wrote a deceptive letter to Count Alfrasco, and gave it to Sicardo, saying:

"Avenge me upon the cowardly ruffian. I would have had my body cut into shreds to serve him, and well he knows it! Thou art in possession of all here, Sicardo, but rob me not of my child; and avenge me upon Lord Alfrasco, and take this necklace which thou wouldst not have found. Give him one chance for his life. He is on his way to Naples. Find him—as thou canst from what Manfredi hath told thee—and warn him that Sicardo the Brigand is on his path. If he turn not back, slay him. If he doth turn back, leave him to my vengeance. It will be more terrible than thine."

"She gave to Sicardo the silver rattle of her babe, as well as the letter, that Alfrasco might not fail to know the bearer had been in her presence."

"Sicardo pitied the miserable daughter of blind old Adriano di Vampa, and swore he would warn Count Alfrasco not to be present to-morrow in Naples. He kept the necklace of diamonds, but he intends to restore it to Signorina Ergivetta. He left Zapponetto. Manfredi was dead ere Sicardo departed from the castle. Here is what Manfredi told Sicardo of the death of Borrelli."

Here Count Tancred told to the queen that which the reader already knows of the assassination of Borrelli.

"Ah, I told Count Alfrasco," said the queen, "that I saw his finger in that matter. But where now is Sicardo, ay, and where Count Alfrasco?"

"Sicardo hurried to Naples."

"To this city?"

"To this city. He took with him six of his most valuable comrades. They flew rather than journeyed from Zapponetto to Naples. They arrived there yesterday."

"Sicardo in Naples!"

"He found that he had travelled faster than the count."

"If the brigand be in Naples," exclaimed the queen, in a heat again, by the mass, Black Sforza shall—"

"Nay, thy majesty! Behold that which makes Sicardo a free and innocent citizen of thy realm," interrupted Count Tancred, holding up the royal pardon.

"True, I had forgot."

"Sicardo has met Lord Alfrasco."

"In Naples?"

"In Naples. Lord Alfrasco was disguised as a begging friar, mounted on a sorry mule. Sicardo was disguised as a fat and ragged carpenter—calling himself Gita Jacopo. He met Lord Alfrasco near that great scaffold in the Largo del Mercato this morning."

"This morning!"  
 "He recognized the count. The count did not recognize Sicardo in the ragged, roving carpenter, Gita. Sicardo remembered his promise to Signorina Ergivetta. He gave her letter to Lord Alfrasco and warned him. Lord Alfrasco refused to heed the warning."  
 "Ah!"

"And after that Lord Alfrasco became the prey of Sicardo. Lord Alfrasco may never again be seen alive in the city nor in the kingdom of Naples by any of thy nobles, Queen Joanna. They may hear of his death, and see his corpse, but never again will Alfrasco of Zapponeito be seen alive in the streets of Naples."

"Ha! the audacious brigand hath slain Lord Alfrasco?"

Count Tancred made no reply.

"Sicardo shall die for daring to slay a man in my realm."

"Nay, thy majesty! Behold thy royal pardon of all Sicardo's deeds up to the hour of thy receiving the Valdalla Crown."

"Give the parchment back to me!"

"Nay—for I am Sicardo!"

"Thou art Sicardo the Brigand! Thou! oh, Heaven!" cried the queen, and then sank back nearly dead from surprise and terror.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the day after Count Tancred had revealed himself as Sicardo the Brigand to the queen a man, bound and gagged, and wearing a cowl that hid nearly all his face, was seated at one of the windows of a lofty room which overlooked the Largo del Mercato di Naples.

On either side of this man, who was in the black and dingy gown of a begging friar, was a man in the coarse and common attire of vagabond mechanics.

The man in the cowl was Alfrasco of Zapponeito.

Behind him, in the garb and with the same appearance as him who was in the square called Gita, stood Count Tancred, known better to the reader as Sicardo the Brigand. At the other window, in somewhat similar garb, were four others, all members of that famous band known as the Swords of Sicardo.

The square below, except a small space near and around the great scaffold in an angle of the Largo del Mercato, was crowded with thousands of eager and awed spectators.

On the balconies of all the buildings on every side of the square, and in all the windows, and even on the housetops, were other thousands.

In a most pretentious balcony, constructed for the royal court by Culpetto, behind the scaffold and slightly above it, sat Queen Joanna of Naples and many of her lords and ladies.

The Grand Constable was not there. Sick at heart, and wrathful, he had retired to a palace, miles distant in the country.

On the scaffold was a huge block of wood draped with black serge. Near this block stood the dreaded headman of Naples, Black Sforza, leaning upon the hilt of the enormous double-handed sword of execution.

With a single blow of that sword Black Sforza could behead a full-grown mountain bull as easily as a dandy dips off the head of a daisy with his cane.

Near him stood six men in long red cloaks with scarlet hoods. These, the people said, were the assistants of the executioner.

These, as well as the latter, wore masks of black crape. But no mask could hide the identity of Black Sforza from the populace. All recognized his gigantic form, and knew that no other than he had a right to wield that enormous sword.

"Behold thy work," said Count Tancred to Lord Alfrasco. "It is about to begin."

As he spoke a royal herald came forward upon the scaffold, and proclaimed first that it had been discovered that Alfonso Borrelli had not been slain by Cosmo di Sicardoli, but by Guilo Manfredi, who in dying had made confession of the crime; then that Cosmo was the almost forgotten Duke Leonato del Arnato; then that it had been discovered that the duke was wholly innocent of the crime for which he had been condemned many years before; that the wife of the duke was also innocent; that a Papal Bull or proclamation from Rome had been received by his holiness, by which the duke and duchess were declared innocent and injured persons; that they were the peers of the noblest in the kingdom, having been received into the royal favour both of Naples and of Sicily and Aragon; then that the people were about to behold the vengeance and justice of Joanna of Naples upon two who had offended her majesty.

"Ha!" said many of the thousands assembled, "we are not to have a quadruple execution after all!"

"Let us be grateful for a double one!" said others.

Count Tancred said to his captive:

"So! Two of thy intended victims have escaped thy plot, Lord Alfrasco."

Lord Alfrasco could not even grind his teeth in rage. The gag prevented that. But he bit the gag and uttered bitter curses in his soul.

"Behold the other two!" said Count Tancred.

And at that moment Lord Colonna and Vittoria were led forward to the centre of the scaffold; then to the hideous block near its edge. They were prepared for decapitation.

"It is the command of her majesty," shouted the chief herald, "that these two shall be joined in marriage; are their heads be cut off on the block!"

"Thou hearest?" said Count Tancred to his captive. "Lord Colonna is to be wedded to my sister on that scaffold. It was for this thou didst plot in Del Enaso, accursed conspirator!"

Lord Alfrasco knew that he was doomed to a death from which there could be no escape. But his malignant soul rejoiced as he gazed on the scene before him.

He and all beheld a priest—it was the good Father Anselmo—advance with others, and there in sight of all, and in hearing of thousands, join Colonna di Caraccioli and Vittoria di Chiaramonti in holy wedlock according to the rites of the Church of Rome.

"They are wedded," said Count Tancred.

"And are now to be executed!" thought Lord Alfrasco, with a laugh that sounded hideous from his gag.

"Listen! The royal herald speaks again!" said Count Tancred.

The immense populace there acting as spectators of this marriage on the scaffold scarcely breathed, so great was the eagerness to know what was next to be done.

Then it was shouted forth by the herald that the Valdalla Crown, of which so much talk had been made of late, had been found and delivered to the queen by Rizzio di Sicardo; who, therefore, had been pardoned and rewarded in complete accordance with the proclaimed and published promise of her majesty; and that the queen, faithful to her promise, had, at the request of Sicardo, granted a full pardon to Colonna di Caraccioli and his wife Vittoria.

The roar of shouting thousands already moved to tears by the noble bearing of Lord Colonna and the glorious beauty and devotion of Vittoria, pealed like thunder over the city. Hats by thousands were tossed in the air; banners waved; scarfs of every hue and material fluttered, and shouts of joy rose from square, streets and houses.

"How is it with thee now?" asked Count Tancred, of his amused and chagrined captive. "Come, thou mayst use thy tongue now!"

With a quick movement Count Tancred removed the gag from the mouth of Lord Alfrasco.

"I curse thee and all," cried Lord Alfrasco, and these were the only words he uttered.

"To curse is all that thou canst do," replied Count Tancred, "as I told thee yesterday when we trapped thee in this room. But listen! the royal herald sounds his trumpet for silence."

"People of Naples," shouted the herald. "It hath come to light that he of whom all have heard as Sicardo the Brigand, though by necessity often a leader of brigands and bad men, hath acted only against those who were the enemies of Duke Leonato, his father—for Sicardo is Tancred di Chiaramonti of Sicily, Count del Eise, and now in Naples as Ambassador from His Majesty, Alfonso the Magnanimous of Sicily and Aragon. All hath been pardoned as I have said, and full pardon is also proclaimed to all who have been members of that band called the Swords of Sicardo, who will, within seven days enroll themselves as soldiers of the Royal Guard of Naples. Such as do not are granted seven days in which to depart from the kingdom; and death is decreed to all of the Swords of Sicardo not so enrolled after seven days from this hour. But the sword of the executioner hath not been this day unsheathed for naught. Alfrasco of Zapponeito hath been captured within the limits of the city. Behold him, and witness the punishment that hath been decreed upon him!"

The herald pointed toward the doomed man.

Count Tancred tore the cowl from off his captive. The people looking up recognized the well-known face of a noble whom all hated and feared.

"Stand from under!" shouted the companions of Count Tancred. "Stand from under! Give space below!"

And at the same moment soldiers, till then motionless on the pavement three storeys beneath the room in which the prisoner was, charged slowly forward with levelled pikes, and cleared a large space before the house.

"Thou art to die the death of a dog, though thy head and limbs are to be smitten off by Black Sforza!" said Count Tancred.

Instantly after the miserable man was launched

into the air from the window by the comrades of Count Tancred; and with a dull and horrible thud Alfrasco of Zapponeito struck the hard earth sixty feet below.

Breathing, gasping, and conscious still, he was carried to the scaffold, and there beheaded and quartered instantly by Black Sforza.

So perished Alfrasco, but Lord Colonna and his strangely made bride did not witness this terrible vengeance of Count Tancred and the queen; nor were they aware of it until weeks after, for immediately after their pardon had been proclaimed, and while the herald was still speaking, Father Anselmo had led them to a vehicle which had been procured for them, and in it they were swiftly borne away to spend their honeymoon at the beautiful and secluded palace of the Princess Colonna di Caraccioli, the mother of Lord Colonna.

And now a few words to conclude our story.

Count Tancred did not long remain in Naples after the death of Lord Alfrasco, for he feared the schemes of the Grand Constable, and knew that he, himself, was a secret agent of his royal master, King Alfonso of Sicily, and that the agents of Renato of Anjou might accuse him to the queen.

Duke Leonato and the Duchess Maria Christina went with Count Tancred to Sicily, being fully reconciled to their noble and much slandered son, and there resumed that rank and wealth to which they had been strangers for so many years.

Lord Colonna and his wife also took up their abode at the court of Alfonso for some years.

Gianni di Caraccioli, the once powerful Grand Constable, was soon after assassinated, it is said in history by the command or connivance of Queen Joanna, and died in the presence of Duke Leonato, who was at that time ambassador from the Court of Alfonso, and to whose palace Gianni di Caraccioli fled for refuge after receiving a mortal wound.

Queen Joanna died soon after, some say by poison administered to her by the connivance of Renato of Anjou, who succeeded her on the throne of Naples.

But King Renato was himself dethroned a few years after the death of Queen Joanna by Alfonso of Sicily and Aragon, who thenceforth reigned under the title of King of Naples and Sicily.

As Count Tancred had done much for the king in gaining this great prize, Alfonso made him Grand Constable, and ever greatly favoured him and all his friends, not the least of whom was Lord Colonna.

Ergivetta di Vampa and her child were lost sight of after the death of Lord Alfrasco. It was supposed that they afterward lived in France.

Lord Colonna and Vittoria, forgiven and beloved by her father, never had the slightest cause, during their long and happy lives, to regret the part they had performed during that marriage on the scaffold.

It is not known what became of the Valdalla Crown; yet we hope all our female readers may be unconsciously wearing one which hath all the imaginary virtues of that once worn by the pure and beautiful Vittoria di Chiaramonti.

THE END.

THE Turkish Government has, it is stated, ordered the construction in England of an iron-clad corvette at a cost of 8,000,000 francs.

GASTRONOMIC LEANINGS.—Celebrities have a weakness for favourite dishes: thus, Thiers is as fond of coffee as Voltaire; Rossini had a partiality for macaroni when prepared by his own hands, as he often did to surprise his guests; Schiller loved lamb, and Napoleon I. roast chicken; Napoleon III. delighted in a mutton stew, and Lessing was as happy as a king over a dish of lentils; Charles XII. doted on bread and butter, and Tasso on preserved fruits and jam. Marshal MacMahon's gastronomic leaning is for the "birds of Venus," less poetically known as pigeons.

A PHILOSOPHER'S MOODS.—Isaac Newton, during the two years which he spent in preparing and developing his immortal work, only lived to calculate and think, preserving no connection with the ordinary affairs of life. It is said that, frequently, on rising in the morning, he would sit down by his bedside, arrested by some new conception, and would remain for hours together engaged in tracing it out, without dressing himself. If he did not get on his clothes before the mood came on, he would ignore the necessity of eating. A waggy friend called one day, and finding him absorbed in thought, sat down and ate the dinner which a servant brought. When Newton came to himself he arose, lifted the cover, and quietly remarked, "I had forgotten that I had dined." To one who asked him by what means he had arrived at his discoveries he replied, "By always thinking unto them." Here was the secret of his success.

IT IS ONLY FASHIONABLE.—Do anything you please now-a-days, no matter how absurd, and wear anything you like, no matter how ridiculous, and if any one, by even so much as a look, question the propriety



of it, with a stare which announces your contempt of their ignorance, remark in a matter-of-fact tone that "it's the fashion." That's sufficient excuse for any and every folly under the sun. Tall women will wear church-steeple hats, and short men panache shape, during the same season, thus making the fashion of the other appear more absurd, and ladies promenading with their husbands present the appearance of mother and her little boy. A woman with a crow-like neck revives the ruff of Elizabethan days, and looks charming in it. Forthwith it becomes the rage, and soon you see her more unfortunate sister, with almost no neck at all, with a head rising from a mass of starched muslin which reaches from shoulder to ear. Of course she looks like a "perfect show," but what matter?—"It's the fashion."

## WHO IS HE?

By the Author of "Lord Dane's Error," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DICK CRAWLEY advanced slowly into the room, watching Lady Isabel with an intensely concentrated gaze.

Lady Isabel looked at him as steadily. "I've come for my answer," he said, stopping midway.

"You had it this morning," Lady Isabel answered, calmly, her beautiful eyes never faltering.

"I won't take that answer." "You will get no other from me, I will die first," my lady said, low but steadily.

"You won't die; I've no intention of killing you. I'll leave that for them if they like when they come. What I mean by you is a million times worse than killing."

Every drop of blood seemed to leave Lady Isabel's body as she heard him, though she but half read his sickening purpose.

She glanced about her. A heavy though small mahogany table stood in the middle of the room. She darted behind it before she spoke.

He only laughed. "I am not in your power to the extent you imagine, perhaps," she said, showing him suddenly the knife Fatima had given her.

He fairly glared at her as he saw it. "You never would dare to use it," he added, quickly; "women are all afraid of knives like that."

He was stealthily approaching her as he spoke. She retreated before him round the table, holding the knife in front of her.

"You will see that I dare," she said, steadily. "I shall try to kill you first, and if I find I can't do that I shall kill myself. My death will not benefit you either, for my boy will still be left as heir to my riches."

It was Crawley's turn to whiten. It has been said that, bold as he was in villainy, he was at bottom a coward. The sight of that deadly knife in Lady Isabel's hands, my lady's desperate and menacing looks, made his blood chill. He was unarmed himself. He had not deemed pistol or knife necessary in the base business he had come upon.

He stood still and tried to bluster. "Your boy," he said, furiously, "your boy is dead long ago; I know it."

"It is false and you know it. My boy was alive three nights ago. I was listening while you and those others talked it all over in Lady Calthorpe's room. I found out where he was, and lodged the information with Lord Champion the morning before we left London."

"It is not true," sneered Crawley, but he looked as if he believed it.

"It is the truth," proceeded Lady Isabel. "Beside, his father had already got on his clue and went before that to find him. They are together before this."

"His father!" stammered Crawley. "Yes. So you see that you will not have gained much by getting rid of me."

Crawley was silent. With his eyes downcast, his hands bowed upon the table, he reflected. His handsome yet villainous countenance darkened more and more as he thought.

He remembered now hearing, before they came away, that Verner Rubie had left town. It was more than possible that Lady Isabel had told the truth. He might be on the boy's track. He might ere this have found him, and obtained possession of him. If so, if he knew enough to go in search of the boy, he might know enough to ruin them all. The chances certainly were that he did. Anyhow if he had got the boy he would not be likely to let him fall into their hands again, and with Count Rubie's money to back him he might defy them all successfully. The game looked to him as if it might be nearly up.

Lady Isabel had watched him closely. She ad-

dressed him now once more. It seemed almost from what she said as if she must have read his thoughts. "I understand the object of this plot against me," she said. "Lady Calthorpe inherits the property after me and my boy. But even if you were my husband your income would die with me. There is a special provision in the entail to that effect. Did you know it?"

"Yes, I know it," he answered, sulkily. "How then do you expect to be paid for your share in this business?" she asked, in a firm, quiet voice, so cool and unfaltering indeed that he stole a wondering glance at her.

My lady's face was white, but her great eyes shone with unmistakable courage and determination.

"What is that to you?" he said, looking down again, while his wicked blue eyes grew more sullen and troubled.

"It might be a great deal to you," Lady Isabel answered, coldly. "You might, if you chose, get your price and not incur the risk."

The villain looked up quickly. "It was easy to see that a new thought had entered his mind."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, cautiously.

"I mean that I will give you whatever they have promised you, on certain conditions much easier I am sure than theirs."

"Name them," said Crawley.

"Tell me first what they have agreed to give you," said Lady Isabel, coldly.

Her heart was throbbing wildly at the prospect of inducing him to betray his cruel confederates, at the prospect perhaps of piercing that awful mystery which enveloped her once worshipped husband; but she would not spoil all by seeming too eager.

Crawley hesitated, then muttering an oath, under his breath, for he was awed in spite of himself by her beautiful, matchless serenity, her steady, unquailing gaze, he said:

"What's the odds? I was to get ten thousand pounds beside what I saved out of the yearly income."

"How much have you saved?"

"Nothing. The expenses had to be paid, and it took all!"

Lady Isabel's lip curled. "She understood him."

"I will promise to pay you ten thousand pounds a year for ten years on these conditions: 1st. You shall restore my boy to me, if his father has not already found him. 2d. You shall make a full statement to me in writing, of the purposes and schemes of my enemies, so far as you know them. At the same time, I on my part undertake that you shall not suffer; that you shall be permitted so far as I am concerned, or for all or any hindrance of mine, to quit the country unharmed."

Crawley reflected again. "If I tell you at all it won't be in writing."

Lady Isabel reflected on her side.

"I don't know that it would be necessary," she said, slowly; "I have no desire to punish any one, I only want to know who is guilty—and why? to get back my son and be left to finish my unhappy days in peace."

Crawley looked at her curiously. He had already nearly made up his mind to accede to her conditions. He hated Sir Robert and would rather see him worsted in this business than not. Beside, he had that faith in this lofty souled woman, much as he had helped wrong her, that he would rather trust to her promise than Sir Robert's.

Farther even than this, he suspected that it was in his power to tell her a piece of news that she could not be expecting. He knew that he could solve one mystery which must have wrung her heart more than all the other wrong and outrage that had been heaped upon her. He only hesitated to meditate how to make most capital out of his information.

Lady Isabel was watching him anxiously. Would he speak she wondered? Would he tell her at least the mystery of that hateful, horrible compact which had turned a white soul black?

"My lady," said Crawley, at last, "what would you give to know that your husband was never the false knave you have been believing him to be?"

Lady Isabel's beautiful eyes flashed. Then she covered them with her hand. She mistrusted him instantly.

"He is very cunning," she thought; "he knows that I would give every farthing that I possess, that I would willingly beggar myself to have my husband back again staidless and loving as I once supposed him to be. He shall not trade upon that knowledge. He shall not deceive me." Aloud she said: "I know how false he is. That is between him and me. You cannot tell me whether he is guilty or innocent. The facts speak for themselves; you can tell me, perhaps, why he of all others betrayed me, and for that information you shall be well paid, if I find you have told me the truth."

Crawley laughed softly. The fancy amused him. "I have not consented yet to tell you anything," he

aid; "I may not conclude to do so at all. But if I do speak I promise you I will make a clean business of it. I shall tell you what I know, and throw in some pretty good guessing for the rest."

"What is necessary to bring you to a conclusion?" Lady Isabel demanded, coldly.

She was thoroughly on her guard now. She doubted him more and more.

As she paused, waiting for him to speak again, a rumbling of wheels sounded on the paved avenue outside.

Both she and Crawley started violently.

Crawley turned livid. Lady Isabel remained self-possessed.

"That is doubtless Lord Champion and my husband," she said, sternly.

Crawley thought so himself. His knees knocked together with fear. He stood irresolute, glancing from Lady Isabel to the door.

"If I accede to your offer," he stammered, hurriedly—"if I do my part, you agree that no harm shall befall me?"

"No harm shall come to you through me. I cannot interfere between you and the law, but I will not set the law after you. I will not—"

Crawley interrupted her. Steps were now heard hastening up the stairs.

"You will stand between me and your husband and Lord Champion?" he cried, hoarsely. "Quick—they are here! Promise me, or I will escape yet by the window without telling you anything."

That moment the new comers knocked furiously on the door. Crawley leaped towards the window with a frantic bound. But, quicker even than he, Lady Isabel interposed between, her knife still in her hand.

The coward stopped instantly, and stood gaastrating his teeth at her between fear and rage.

My lady faced him like a roused Nemesis, her black eyes gleaming, her face stern and white.

"Go and open the door," she commanded; "you have the key."

Crawley listened a moment. He fancied he recognized the voices in the passage. Then he turned back to her an instant.

"The game is up," he said; "Sir Robert and Lady Cattie have come back."

He went to open the door, moving very leisurely however.

Lady Isabel tottered to a chair and sat down. It seemed too terrible to fall back into the hands of these deadly enemies after cherishing such wild, passionate hopes as had been here a moment before. In spite of the incredulous manner in which she had answered Crawley's hint concerning the truthfulness and rectitude of her husband, a sweet, blissful hope that such a miracle might be had just touched her heart. She had scarcely been conscious of it till she saw herself about to be rudely torn from that knowledge which she could but believe Crawley was about to impart to her.

She sprang forward suddenly as he was about to undo the fastenings of the door, and clasped her hands upon his arm in a wild agony of supplication that he must have been less than human to resist.

"Answer me one question," she implored, with her glowing, starlike eyes upon him. "Was there one particle of truth in your intimation just now—that concerning my husband?"

Crawley hesitated an instant, casting down his eyes. But the knocking on the door came furious and fast again, and the voices of Sir Robert and Lady Cattie were heard demanding admittance.

The villain threw up his handsome, wicked head boldly. He had no choice; he dare not defy his evil confederates.

Lady Isabel shrank from his hard looks before he spoke.

"Not one particle," he said. "Why, we never could have carried on the thing two hours without his consent. How could we? As you said just now the facts speak for themselves."

Lady Isabel drew back with a sickening despair in her heart.

The door burst open; Sir Robert and Lady Calthorpe rushed in, eagerness, anxiety, and suspicion plainly visible in both their countenances as they gazed from her to Crawley.

"You've not been to London so soon as this?" said Crawley.

"No," answered Lady Calthorpe. "We only went so far as Betty. We heard something that made us conclude to turn back. What do you mean by sending us off when you had her concealed here all the time?"

"I didn't conceal her. It was the old woman," answered Crawley, with a sullen, furtive look toward Lady Isabel. "What did you hear?"

"Something that cannot be told here, but that must be told at once. Come downstairs."

Neither Sir Robert nor Lady Cattie had addressed a word to Lady Isabel.

She had turned her back upon them the instant they entered the room. She was too proud to wish them to see the white agony that was convulsing her beautiful face at Crawley's words.

The iron had indeed entered her soul now. The very fact that she had for one delicious moment hoped made her despair now the deeper, made her more readily believe the falsehood Crawley had just told her.

How could she, she thought, imagine her husband true in the face of such awful proof as she had had of his falsehood and black treachery to herself and honour? She was not listening to his wicked aunt, she was not thinking of any of them at the moment Lady Calthorpe said those last words, but somehow they penetrated to some inner sense notwithstanding. There must have been a tremor in Lady Cattie's subtle tones in spite of her, there must have been something in her voice expressive of the deadly terror that had seized upon her heart, for Lady Isabel turned about suddenly and gave her a luminous, penetrating glance that nearly disconcerted the artful and cruel woman.

"I know what it is," Lady Isabel cried, in a tone of conviction; "you have seen some one from London. My boy is found. I know it. Nothing else would put such terror in your heart as I am sure is hiding there now, Lady Calthorpe."

Lady Cattie's green eyes emitted a keen and venomous sparkle.

"Your boy is not found," she said, shortly. "Come, Dick."

In her excitement of rage she called Crawley by his true name.

Sir Robert reminded her, angrily.

"It doesn't matter," she hissed; "she's pretty nearly done for anyhow."

The trio went out, carefully locking the door behind them.

Lady Isabel was alone once more.

They descended together to a room on the lower floor where they could be secure from interruption. Then Lady Cattie sternly addressed Dick Crawley:

"It is time you heard a piece of news I did not mean to tell you yet," she said. "I don't know that I would have told you at all, only it is very evident to me that you are on the point of turning against us. Listen. You are my son. That is how you come to be such an image of Maurice Champion."

Dick Crawley looked for a moment as if he would faint. His handsome face turned of a chalky hue, his dark blue eyes almost rolled in their sockets.

Lady Cattie herself whitened visibly, but she put all natural emotion down with an iron hand. She had always been ashamed of her marriage with Dick's father. She had been carried away by his handsome face, which she had first seen when at school, where he had contrived to meet her, and, representing himself as a French count, had inveigled her into a marriage. From the moment she discovered his true origin, which she accidentally did very soon, she detested him. He was killed in a common brawl at a celebrated race course, and his school-girl wife had the wit to keep the secret that she had ever been married, till it became convenient to confess the truth to her second husband for the sake of substituting the son of this low marriage of hers for Maurice Champion, whom he so wonderfully resembled outwardly.

Lady Cattie told the story in hard and uncompromising phrase to her son. She finished thus:

"I wish you to understand that if the Champion property comes to me, you will inevitably and directly be benefited by it. So don't make an idiot of yourself and let Lady Isabel buy you over."

Lady Calthorpe had made a very shrewd guess at the truth. Dick Crawley, while he believed that Lady Isabel had it in her power to pay him the most, was seriously meditating how best to go over to her side and defeat Sir Robert, whom he also cordially hated.

He swelled with importance now at knowing the truth. He was a Champion after all, not an illegitimate offshoot either, but born in wedlock. No wonder Sir Robert had paled when certain allusions had been made between them.

Dick Crawley drew up his handsome, graceful figure haughtily as he realized the truth. What matter who was his father? He was a Champion, the son of a Champion, the direct heir of his mother, and before Sir Robert or his children in the chance of obtaining that immense Champion property which was so strictly entailed to direct heirs, either male or female.

Sir Robert read his look of malicious triumph aright, and ground his own teeth savagely. Sir Robert prided himself on being a gentleman by birth and culture. He looked upon this Dick Crawley as a low kind of infamous extraction and corresponding tastes and nature. Lady Calthorpe, notwithstanding the tie of blood between them, had really transferred much of her contempt for the father to the son, and

hence had made no objection to Sir Robert's course and decision to keep him in ignorance concerning his true birth. But now circumstances had arisen of such importance as to make it necessary that he should be enlisted on their side and in their interests wholly.

Lady Cattie also read her low-sired son's thoughts, and smiled derisively to herself. Not a thrill of true motherly feeling touched her.

"Now," she went on, "you must hear what we heard at Betty. The true Maurice Champion claims his own!"

(To be continued.)

#### POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

It was at Bow that china was, so far as we at present know, first made in Great Britain in about 1740. As in the case of every porcelain manufactured in England except that of Bristol, and possibly some made at Lowestoft, the Bow porcelain was soft. Many reasons have been suggested for the fact that when all the Continental potters had left off the fabrication of soft porcelain the English continued to produce it and no other. The chief reason we believe to have been that the English porcelain establishments were as a rule poor and small; that to adopt the new style required costly plant and materials, and the employment of high-waged workmen acquainted with the new processes—required too the purchase of expensive trade secrets in colouring and in firing. All this would have been beyond the means of the English porcelain makers, who could hardly pay their way as it was. Moreover, the English potters had early learned how to apply phosphate of lime, in the shape of bones ground to powder, to the body of their porcelain; the effect of which, while robbing the porcelain of a little of its beauty, is to give strength and consistency to the wares while in the furnace.

The manufactory at Chelsea borrowed its art forms from Sèvres, but its colouring is far less harmonious, its glaze less deep and silky than those of the French soft porcelain. At a later date the Dresden type prevailed at Chelsea, with garlands and bunches of flowers encrusted thickly on the vases. Pastoral subjects, the impossible shepherds and shepherdesses of the period, with their crooks, their knots of ribbon, small waists and eternal simper, are common to Sèvres, to Dresden, and to Chelsea. The technical superiority was with Dresden, and that of ingenuity and variety of form and ornament, while the glazes and colours of Sèvres were far ahead of its rivals, and Chelsea can only boast of a certain abstinence from the excesses of bad taste prevailing at Sèvres; but to true art merit not one of the rival potteries can claim the smallest title. The Chelsea manufacture was in no very long time abandoned, as was that at Bow, and the workmen emigrated to Derby, carrying their moulds and their trade secrets and a good deal of their bad taste with them.

The ware made by Cookworthy, at Plymouth, has always appeared to the present writer to be far superior to that coming from the more famous English kilns. Cookworthy, though a Swedeborgian, and a believer in the divining rod, was nevertheless a shrewd man of business and a good chemist. His ware, at least the plain white and the blue and white—the most characteristic—is beautifully modelled with natural subjects, shells, sea-weeds, and so forth, and, attempting little, is marked by none of the pretentiousness of the period. He had discovered kaolin in 1755 near Helston, in Cornwall, and with it he made hard porcelain. The secret of doing so he sold to Richard Campion, who carried it to Bristol, and there made hard china, which, as collectors know, is in especial favour and demand at the present day, as being the only true porcelain made in Great Britain.

A melancholy proof was given of the excellence of this ware on the occasion of the recent burning down of the Alexandra Palace. No fewer than four thousand specimens of old English pottery and porcelain had been lent by different collectors to the palace. The Bow, Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, and other soft wares were reduced to shapeless masses by the heat, but the true porcelain of Bristol, though most of it was broken to pieces by the fall of roof and rubbish, retained its whiteness and even its most delicate shades of colour quite uninjured by the fire.

Last year the declared value of beer and ale exported had increased to 2,419,575*l.* from 2,085,430*l.* in the previous year.

It is intended to apply the greater part of the money bequeathed by the late Duke of Brunswick to the city of Geneva to the erection of a new theatre, which is to cost 1,600,000*fr.*

LIBERAL DONATION.—Miss Landseer, eldest sister of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, has presented to the National Lifeboat Institution 100 guineas. Miss Landseer added that her distinguished brother often referred with much satisfaction to the great and na-

tional work performed by the Institution on the coasts of the British Isles.

A NOVEL CEREMONY.—The Rev. George Gordon Wilder, vicar of Ealing, on a recent Sunday performed the novel ceremony of publishing his own banns of marriage at the parish church.

THE MONUMENT OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—The sculptor, Vincenzo Vela, who has been commissioned by the town council of Geneva to execute the monument of the late ex-Duke Charles of Brunswick, has arrived at Verona to make a model of the celebrated tomb of the Scaligers, after which the monument in question is to be executed.

DISCOVERY OF URNS.—An interesting discovery has been made at Redhill, about three miles from Bournemouth, on the farm of Mr. Robert Seare, of Muscliffe. Eighty-six urns, many of them containing portions of human bones, have been dug up. A portion of the mound where they were found has not yet been removed. Only one of the urns has been secured in even tolerable preservation. They are found only six inches or eight inches below the surface, and are about two feet deep. They quickly crumble to pieces on being removed, but if exposed to the air for a time they become hardened.

#### HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

No doubt many a woman has gone into her room and had a "good cry" because her husband called her by her baptismal name, and not by some absurd nickname invented in the days of their folly; or because, pressed for time, he hurried out of the house without going through the established formula of leave-taking. The lover has merged in the husband; security has taken the place of wooing; and the woman does not take kindly to the transformation. Sometimes she plays a dangerous game, and tries what flirting with other men will do. If her scheme does not answer, and her husband is not made jealous, she is revolted, and holds herself that hardly used being, a neglected wife. Then she will perhaps sulk, and no longer greet her husband with a cheering smile after the labours of the day. He notes the change of conduct, and feeling he is not to blame hesitates to take the initiative of smoothing matters.

Nothing is in reality more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-concealed caresses, those absurd names, that prodigality of endearing epithets, that devoted attention which they flout in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large to come and admire their happiness is always noticed and laughed at, and sometimes more than laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness, and part of their dearest privileges. They believe themselves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as examples for all to avoid. Men who have any real manliness, however, do not give in to this kind of thing; though there are some as effeminate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love, and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with gray hairs as lavishly as they had fondled the youthful bride, and seeing no want of harmony in calling an old dame of sixty and upwards by the pet names by which they had called her when she was a slip of a girl of eighteen. The continuance of love from youth to old age is very lovely, very cheering; but even "John Anderson, my Jo," would lose its pathos if Mrs. Anderson had ignored the difference between the raven locks and the snowy brow of her venerable John.

THE RECENT ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh was attested in the Chapel Royal Register. The Emperor and Empress signed after the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, then the Cesarewitch and Cesarevna, and then the other Grand Dukes, sons and brothers of the Emperor. The Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Prince Royal of Denmark, the Duke of Coburg, and the Prince Alexander of Hesse also signed. The Dean of Westminster, the Lord Chamberlains, and the English Ambassador signed the register; and on the Russian side Prince Gortschakoff, Chancellor of the Empire, and Count Alderberg, as Minister of the Court.

A GENUINE ROBINSON CRUSOE.—A remarkable discovery has been made in the South Pacific. Captain Scott, of the ship "Elgiva," of Liverpool, in his last voyage, touched at the small island of Bellingshausen, and there found a South Sea Islander, its only inhabitant. The man could not speak a word of English, and was therefore perfectly unable to explain to his rescuers how or in what way he had become a "Robinson Crusoe." He had received some



injuries that tend to the supposition that he had been brought from one of the cluster of the Polynesian Islands, and left to famish after being first maltreated. He had lived by eating cocoa-nuts and oysters, and but for his discovery would probably have been able to sustain nature for some time. He was brought to London by Captain Scott, and then transferred to Liverpool, where he is now working as a labourer at the docks. He is described to be not ill-looking for one of his race, and to be perfectly tractable. Since his discovery he has acquired a few simple words of the English language, but it must be some considerable time before he will possess sufficient command of words to describe the history of his life.

#### SHERIFFS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The sheriffs of counties were generally, in ancient times, men of high rank and great power. They had the several counties committed to them respectively by the king at his pleasure, either in custody or at term certain. To them the king usually entrusted, together with the counties, his castles and manors lying within their bailiwick. They furnished these castles with ammunition and other necessities, and stocked and improved the manors. They were also for a long period the most considerable accountants to the Crown, a great part of the land revenue passing through their hands. They accounted every year to the king, and their method of account was regular and exact. They were also charged with the performance of many special duties, and among these, a great number and variety of which are cited by Madox in his "History of the Exchequer," we mention the following as interesting perhaps to our readers.

By a liberate roll of 36 Henry III. the sheriffs of London were commanded to supply fourpence "per diem" for the maintenance of the king's white bear and his keeper in the Tower of London. By a similar roll of the following year they were ordered to provide a muzzel and an iron chain, and a cord for the same ("unum Musellum et unam Cathenam ferream, et tenendum Ursum illum extra aquam, et unam longam et fortem cordam ad tenendum eundem Ursum piscantem in aqua Thamisiæ"), the muzzel and chain for use on land, the cord to hold him when in the water. By another liberate roll of 39 Henry III. they were ordered to build a house in the Tower for the king's elephant, and by yet another of the 40th of the same reign to provide necessities for the elephant and his keeper. Another royal mandate, addressed to the same sheriffs, bid them disburse out of the ferm of their city 40*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for the maintenance of the king's leopard in the Tower and the wages of his keeper, at sixpence a day for the leopard, and three-halfpence a day for the keeper.

The Sheriff of Gloucester, by a roll of 26 Henry III., was commanded to cause twenty salmons to be bought and made into pies against the approaching Christmas, and the Sheriff of Sussex the same year was directed to buy brawn and other provisions for the king's table ("X bracones, cum capibus, X pavones, L cuculicos, C perdicæ, et D gallinæ"). Orders were issued in the 37th of the same reign to the sheriffs of Wiltshire and Sussex to buy each of them a thousand ells of fine linen cloth ("mille ulnas Linæ telæ pulchræ et delicatæ"), and to send it to the king's wardrobe before the next Whitsuntide. The Sheriff of Southampton was ordered to cause the image of St. Christopher with our Saviour in his arms, and the image of St. Edward the King, to be painted in the Queen's Chapel at Winchester. The Sheriff of Kent was ordered, under great pain and forfeiture, to buy one hundred shiplads of gray stone, and to convey the same to Westminster, for the king's works upon the church there ("Memor. 21 H. 3, Rot. 8 a"); and the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk disbursed thirty besants to be offered at St. Edmund's shrine for the king and queen and their children.

**WORDS.**—A well-educated person in England, who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, the paper, and all the books in Mudie's Library, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers rise to a command of 10,000. The Hebrew Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words; Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and Shakespeare, who probably displayed a greater variety of expression than any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words.

**A RACE OF DWARFS.**—The Geographical Society of Italy has received from Alexandria, with the news of the death of the explorer Miani, and various ethnological objects, two living individuals whom he had

forwarded of the tribes of the Akka or Tikku-Tikki; and whom the learned traveller had bought of the King Munza. These individuals—of whom one is eighteen years old and forty inches in height, and the other sixteen and thirty-one inches high—are stated by Miani to belong to the race of dwarfs described by Herodotus, and recently rediscovered by the German explorer Schweinfurth, who described them carefully. They are pot-bellied, very thin-limbed, and knock-kneed, spherical and prognathous crania, very long limbs, copper skins, and crisp, tow-like hair.

#### TRUE LOVE TESTED.

CHARLES THORNBY had amassed a fortune as a merchant of the highest honour and strictest integrity. At the time of which we write he had retired from active business to enjoy the fruits of his former labour and application to business. He had been a widower for many years, and had but one child, a daughter, Helvia, who had reached her twentieth year, and on whom he lavished all the strength of his affection. She was accomplished and possessed more than ordinary amiability, as well as a brilliant intellect.

Surrounded as she was by wealth, moving in the first class of society, no wonder that she was flattered, and that not a few aspired to her hand. Doubtless some were attracted by her noble qualities, and it must be confessed that the fact that she was known to be the heiress expectant to a large amount of wealth was not the least consideration that influenced many of her suitors. Up to the time of which we write she was heart free, content for the present to live with her father in his loneliness.

A year after the opening of our tale the grim messenger snatched her fond father from her loved embrace. Her grief was intense, and many were the condolences she received from sympathizing friends.

She continued to reside at her old home with the housekeeper who had presided in that capacity since her mother's death.

Among those who strove to win her affection were some who might be denominated "fast"—who evidently thought it would be a fine thing to have the handling of her money; others there were who were engaged in business, and, while they admired her character, thought more of the benefit they might receive from her fortune.

There was one, however, who worshipped her at a distance. He was a poor clerk, whose salary barely supplied his own wants and those of his widowed mother. He had never expressed his feelings openly to her. He regarded her as far above him in the social scale, and often lamented that she was not as poor as himself, for then he would have courage to lay his heart at her shrine. His name was Walter Benson. They had been acquainted for a long time, and when they met, as was often the case, Miss Thornby treated him kindly, for she appreciated his good qualities, and often remarked to her friends that a young man who was so kind to his mother could not help being a good husband. This, however, was the extent of their acquaintance. He had never presumed to call upon her, and, save the language of the eyes, and the tell-tale expression of the countenance, she had no opportunity to suspect the state of his feelings.

For a year after her father's death Helvia confined herself almost exclusively to her home, seldom going out save to church or among the afflicted and suffering of the neighbourhood, where, like an angel of mercy, she scattered blessings wherever she went. At the end of that period she resumed her former social habits, and then the aspirants to her hand again gathered around her.

For more than three months she endured their attentions, and then it occurred to her that it would be best for her to know, without mistake or conjecture, the true motives that influenced their actions. She hit upon a plan that she imagined would test the matter to her entire satisfaction, and perhaps save her from keen disappointment in subsequent life. She confided her plans to no one save the old lawyer who had transacted her father's business for him for many years, and who approved of her motives and designs, and promised to aid her all that was needful for the purpose of furthering them.

The circle in which she moved was astonished to see the beautiful residence in which the Thornbys had so long resided closed, and the rumour gained ground that the Thornby estate had proved insolvent from claims that had come against it from an unexpected source. To place the matter beyond all doubt a daily paper in a few days contained the following announcement:

"We are pained to learn that the estate of the late Charles Thornby, Esq., has proved insolvent, a much larger amount of claims having come against it than can be liquidated by the property left. Mr. Thornby's daughter has relinquished all into the

hands of the proper officers, and has taken her abode with a former nurse in her father's family."

Mrs. Benson, the nurse, really supposing that her pet, as she called our heroine, had been unfortunate, gave her a cordial reception to her humble home.

Helvia applied herself to sewing, and from her scanty earnings regularly paid her board. Those who professed so ardently to admire her in the days of her prosperity deserted her, blessing their stars that this calamity had come in time to prevent their being sufferers in consequence of it. One who had proposed for her hand with the most earnest protestations of undying affection, to whom she had deferred an answer, after the news of her calamity had been made public, and she had taken her place among those who earn their bread, sent her a note of which the following is a copy:

"Miss HELVIA THORNBY,—Respected Miss:—The change in your circumstances will make it evident to you that it will be unnecessary for you to consider the proposal made by me. As you have lost your fortune it would be impossible for me to maintain you in the style I should desire. I shall ever remain your friend,  
EDWARD SPANNING."

The reception of this note, and other circumstances that occurred convinced Helvia of the wisdom of the course she had pursued.

But there was one true heart that worshipped her yet. When the news of our heroine's poverty came to Walter Benson's ears hope sprang up in his path. Now, peculiarly, they were on a level, and he could tell her of the love he had so long cherished without making himself liable to the charge of "fortune-hunting."

He called on her at her humble home, and, after a few visits, told her of the feelings that had filled his breast ever since his first acquaintance with her; how he had suppressed them from the fact that she occupied a so much higher social position than he did, but, now that they were on a level in a financial point of view, he dared to ask her to share the vicissitudes of life with him.

To her his moral wealth and disinterested affection, uninfluenced by her misfortunes, elevated him far above the fashionable "swells" whose hollow professions could not endure the test of adversity. So Helvia became the affianced bride of Walter Benson.

He supposed that after their marriage they would reside in the humble cottage that had been his home since his recollection. She only made one condition—that they should be married in church, and that she should be allowed to send a carriage for his mother, and that after the ceremony they should go to a place where she would have the wedding dinner provided. He expostulated, but she was firm, and assured him that she had saved enough from the wreck of her father's property to enable her to do this, and if he would indulge her in this whim she would be perfectly willing to submit to his views in the future. She carried her point, and it was settled that this arrangement should be made.

The happy day came when these two were to be pronounced man and wife. The wedding party started from the church, and great was the astonishment of the newly made husband to see the carriage stop before the late residence of his bride, which was opened and adorned for their reception. A sumptuous feast had been prepared, which was shared by a large number of invited guests, all of them from the humble walks of life.

After the guests had departed, and none were left but the servants, the astonished bridegroom, his mother and bride, the latter turned to her husband and said:

"It is time I made an explanation. I see that you are astonished. You will be more so when I tell you my fortune is unimpaired. I resorted to this ruse to test the reality of the friendship of those who, when they thought me rich, were loud in their professions of affection; but of all others I have found only you true. Henceforth this is not only your home and mine but also that of your mother. So kind a son shall not be separated from his mother."

After he had recovered from his surprise he playfully bantered her upon obtaining him "under false pretences," but added:

"I do not think your property any objection; but it would have been happiness enough for me to have called you mine had you been as poor as I supposed you to be."

The elder Mrs. Benson approached the bride, and, encircling her with her arms, said:

"Heaven bless you, my dear daughter! May you be as happy as you deserve to be. Walter always was a good boy—I know he will make a good husband—and you will not find his mother ungrateful for your kind offer to give her a home with you."

The chagrin and mortification of the former aspirants to Helvia's hand, when the whole truth was known, may be imagined.

The wedding party was managed by our heroine's

friend, her father's lawyer, and managed so adroitly as to make the surprise complete. Helvia never had reason to regret that she resorted to "true love's test."

J. P. H. M. D.

#### THE VANITY OF IGNORANCE.

WE are accustomed to hear a great deal about the pride of intellect, which, in certain quarters, is regarded as an abomination which ought not to be tolerated. But comparatively little is said in condemnation of the vanity of ignorance, which, as a matter of fact, is one of the greatest, as it is one of the most common, horrors which hapless upon and women have to encounter. Indeed, it seems that ignorance of a certain kind is nowadays considered a thing that should be extolled rather than sternly reprobated. Even in its grossest developments it is regarded with a sort of sentimental admiration, mixed perhaps with just the slightest modicum of pity. Some people do not hesitate to declare that the man who knows nothing is a being to be envied, because he is generally contented, and that there is an amount of the pure innocence of nature about him which should commend him to our imitation. His innocence and purity are somewhat dubious, so that it may be questioned whether, after all, if more people were like him the world would be a much better or happier place than it now is. His contentment is more apparent; yet it is a contentment which a philosopher would hardly deem satisfactory. But, then, a philosopher is, of all other persons, the one for whom genuine ignorance entertain the most profound contempt. The very mention of such a person calls a smile of derision to their faces, and they are apt to go into fits of noisy laughter when they are informed that he has been relieving himself by enunciating certain caustic criticisms in reference to them.

It must be said that philosophers have, in a general way, only themselves to thank for the comparatively low estimation in which they are held. If they will persist in wearing garments of a ridiculous cut, and in pointedly setting commonly accepted customs at defiance, it is in the most natural thing in the world that they should come to be regarded as "eccentric," and that as a consequence the world should lose faith in them. By scorning the conventional rules of politeness, a proceeding at which some show they are, unfortunately, great adepts, they generate the idea that the possession of a vast amount of learning not only has a tendency to make a man lack the most appreciated of all the talents, viz., common sense, but is calculated to assimilate his manners to those of a surly and disagreeable bear. Hence it is that, occasionally, the finger of scorn is actually pointed at philosophers, and that more frequently they are disparagingly adjudged beings who are, perhaps, very well in their way, but who, after all, for practical purposes, are not of very much account. They exhibit one phase of the vanity of ignorance in making a point of magnifying what they know to be their own imperfections.

The ignorami, who are innocent of learning, with the exception that they can read—very few know how to write!—and cipher, but who are well up in every-day customs, exhibit another and more disagreeable aspect of the same thing. They are inclined to be severe on the individual who has, as they put it, "cranned" his head with a lot of rubbish; they do not believe in consuming the midnight oil—except in a billiard-room, a billiard-saloon, an apartment devoted to the service of the goddess Chance, or some such place. What they do value is common sense. This they, one and all, flatter themselves they possess in a large degree, and upon the strength of this one possession they are in the habit of indulging in self-glorification to such an extent that it is evident modesty is not the accompaniment of that which they prize so highly. As most people know very little beyond the facts that they eat, drink, sleep, and get the better of their neighbours whenever they have the chance of doing so in a pleasant and artistic manner, and as they can lay claim to being blessed with the possession of common sense without running the chance of being convicted of imposture, common sense being a peculiarly unobtainable thing, it is not surprising that the talent, especially in certain eyes, takes precedence of all the other talents and all the virtues put together.

**THE CUNARD STEAMERS.**—With the view of diminishing the chances of collision the steamers of the Cunard line will henceforth take a specified course for all seasons of the year. On the outward passage from Queenstown to New York or Boston crossing meridian of 50 at 43 lat., or nothing to the north of 43. On the homeward passage, crossing the meridian of 50 at 42 lat., or nothing to the north of 42.

**A ROMANCE OF THE PEEBAGE.**—The second Duke of Richmond was one of the Lords of the Bedcham-

ber to King George II., who then resided at Kensington Palace; he had been, as was the custom in those days, married, while yet a boy, to Lady Cadogan, daughter of that Lord Cadogan who as a cavalry officer distinguished himself so much in the Duke of Marlborough's wars. This marriage was made to cancel a gambling debt, the young people's consent having been the last thing thought of. The Earl of March was sent for from school and the young lady from her nursery, a clergyman was in attendance, and they were told that they were immediately to be man and wife! The young lady is not reported to have uttered a word; the gentleman exclaimed, "They are surely not going to marry me to that dowdy!" The ceremony, however, took place, a post-chaise was ready at the door, and Lord March was instantly packed off with his tutor to make the "grand tour," while his young wife was returned to the care of her mother, a Dutch woman, daughter of William Muntz, councillor of the courts of Holland. After some years spent abroad Lord March returned, a well-educated, handsome young man, but with no very agreeable recollections of his wife. Wherefore, instead of at once seeking his own home, he went directly to the opera or theatre, where he amused himself, between the acts, in examining the company. He had not been long occupied in this manner when a very young and beautiful woman more especially struck his fancy, and turning to a gentleman beside him he asked who she was. "You must be a stranger in London," replied the gentleman, "not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March!" Agreeably surprised at this intelligence, Lord March proceeded to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride, the very dowdy whom he had so scornfully rejected some years before, but with whom he afterwards lived so happily that she died of a broken heart within the year of his decease, which took place at Godalming in Surrey, in August, 1750.

#### A LABOUR OF LOVE.

##### CHAPTER XVII.

"I was house steward here when Master Anthony and Master Dimon first came to Eywood to be taken care of by their uncle, Sir Hedley, who was as good a baron as ever lived," continued the old man. "Master Anthony was the son of Vivian Vail-Adderley, a general in the army, and second son of the House, while Master Dimon was the son of Sydney, the third son, a bishop in the Church of England. The general fell in the wars, and his wife died soon after, so that you see Master Anthony was the heir presumptive to the title and estates. The bishop died too, so that Master Dimon was the next heir after Master Anthony; and the two boys were orphans when Lord Hedley brought them home.

"The difference between those boys—Master Anthony was as bright as sunlight and as open as the day; Master Dimon was sombre as an owl, and close as a clam; and as he was eight years older than Master Anthony it came a bit hard to him, I daresay, to see the boy getting all the petting and honours of the heir, while he played second fiddle and poor relation; not that good Lord Hedley ever intended to show partiality, but any one might see that Master Anthony was the apple of his eye.

"Well, things went on until it was time for Master Dimon to go to his ship, for he was put into the navy; and then Master Anthony had Lord Hedley all to himself except when he had to go to college. And to be sure how the two did love each other. Father and son was nothing to it. But everybody loved Master Anthony, he was so merry and kind, and brave and handsome!

"Well, when he was eighteen years old, and spending his vacation at the Chase, a young lady—but mayhap, Sir Marcus, I should not mention her?"

"Go on," grunted Sir Marcus; "I've heard the story before."

"Begging your pardon then for anything I may say that you don't like—which I can't say to her detriment, for as I believe she's as good a lady as any in the land—it was the Honourable Annabel Ingrave, daughter of Earl Harrowby, who came to these parts for her health, and had the use of Childerewitch for the summer from Sir Marcus, who was her father's friend.

"Well, the two young people got acquainted, and Miss Ingrave, who was a good many years older than our young master, invited him over to Childerewitch to hear some famous musician, and from that they both took to studying music with the musician, and morning, noon and night was Master Anthony either to be found playing and singing like an angel here to Lord Hedley, or practising over at Childerewitch with the young lady; and folks began to smile and nod their heads, though, bless you, there was no more in it than there is betwixt me and—Queen Victoria.

"In the middle of all this innocent happiness, that was making my lord young again, home comes Master Dimon, now a lieutenant on board the 'Guilvere,' and somehow he was like a bird of evil omen, for from that day a cloud rested on the house. Reports began to reach my lord of the doings of Master Anthony when he was at college that caused the old man many a heavy heart (though I'll go bail the half of them were false). Though Master Dimon did his best to console him, still I always found his lordship in lower spirits than ever after those attempts at comfort, and I won't deny but what I mistrusted Master Dimon's smooth, slippery ways, for though he is my master now I can't pretend to like him as we all did Master Anthony.

"Well, that summer passed away, and the next came. But times were changed. The stories against Master Anthony were blacker than ever, and Master Dimon never came down from Gravesend, where his ship was, without bringing a new budget, and Master Anthony was on his dignity, and told his uncle to believe 'Old Slyboots,' as he called his cousin, if he liked, for he scorned to defend himself from such foul aspersions; and that was all could be got out of him.

Miss Ingrave was in Haythorpe again, but this time with Bishop Tyermaine's lady; and it came out that Master Anthony had made mischief between her and the gentleman to whom she had been promised from her childhood, which gentleman was Sir Marcus Thorndiff himself, begging your pardon, Sir Marcus, for bringing you in; and Master Dimon was in a great distress about it, as he said Sir Marcus was his personal friend (they were brother officers) and he couldn't bear to think of any of his family injuring him."

"Humph!" interrupted the person just mentioned, "that was untrue. I never was a personal friend to any of 'em."

"Howsoever it was, the unpleasantness was so great that Master Anthony didn't come home at all, but went sketching round Derby and got into black disgrace there with some pretty village girl—"

"My dear and stainless mother!" interrupted Jane Vail, firmly.

"Well-a-well!" sighed the old man. "It took a good many falsehoods to ruin poor Master Anthony, and I'll warrant they weren't stated. It was as black a story as ever shamed a rake, and the worst of it was that when he was recalled to my lord's presence to give an account of himself a young woman followed him privately, and threw herself on Lord Hedley's protection, as the girl Master Anthony had destroyed, so that all his protestations of innocence went for worse than nothing, and when he was mad enough to declare that he had never seen the young woman before my lord just turned cold as ice to him and lost his faith in him for ever.

"That was a sad night. Lord Hedley ordered him from his presence, saying that he had disgraced his house, and he must pollute Eywood Chase no more until he came as its unworthy lord. At these terrible words my poor young master cried out, with a face white as death:

"And that will never be, Lord Hedley. Take back your name of Adderley—I relinquish it for ever. I have loved you well, my lord, and you should have trusted me better."

"And then he rushed from the room, and we never saw him again—no, never, never."

Giles covered his face with his hands and gave way to a burst of passionate grief; and Jane put her gentle hand upon his shoulder and pressed it lovingly.

"I see, I see!" murmured she, with swimming eyes. "His noble heart was outraged, and he voluntarily flung aside the rank which understood him so ill. It was then that he must have gone back to Derby and married my mother. He was nineteen when he married. But that woman who appeared to accuse him could not have been mother. She never knew his real rank, nor did he woo her except as an honourable man wooes the woman whom he wishes for his wife."

"Alack!" cried Giles, wiping his eyes, "the person's not a hundred miles off who was quite cunning enough to make any plot against guileless Master Anthony, and reap the benefit afterward. Well, no sooner had young master gone in this sad way than my lord gave a cry as if he understood what he had done in a flash, and, throwing up his hands, fell into my arms senseless. We did all we could for him, but from that day he was a poor, paralyzed invalid, waiting for death.

"He put all his affairs in order, and, although he was always kind to Master Dimon, he took no pleasure in his company, but pined, and pined, and looked for Anthony to come back. Then Master Dimon had to go with his ship to the Black Sea and my lord was left alone, which seemed to lighten his heart somewhat, for I couldn't but see that the blameless nephew sat on his spirits like a nightmare; and, when he was gone, my poor old master could talk fondly



about his scapegrace nephew, and make himself believe he would come back before he died.

"But when two years had gone by home comes Master Dimon, and with him, as usual, misfortune. The very day after he came a packet arrived in Master Anthony's long-wished-for hand for my lord, and I carried it joyfully in to him where he sat half paralyzed and almost blind in his chair.

"Master Dimon caught sight of it, and made a snatch for it, and when he read it, which he did to himself first, he seemed to grow ash-white with horror, and says he:

"Sad news, sad news, my dear uncle! Prepare yourself for the worst. Anthony is dead!"

"So the poor old man gave one gasp and fell back, and I was at his head the next moment—for, bless you, he were senseless—but for all my scared wits I couldn't help crying out:

"How can that be, Master Dimon, when the writing's in his own hand?"

"He made no more motion to hear me than if I was a post, but kept staring at the letter, and biting his nails over it, and I could see he felt remorseful a bit that he had been so harsh on the poor dead; and by-and-by, when my lord recovered, he read it all over to him, I holding my lord's head on my arm all the time.

"Alack! there was little comfort in it, for poor Master Anthony wrote that he was coming to the end of a bad life; that all that had been said against him in England was true; that he had been on the Continent ever since he left home, and had there committed a crime for which he was to be punished by death in four hours. And he said he was sorry for the disgrace he had brought on the name of Adderley, and for the sorrow he had caused his uncle and Master Dimon, and that as a dying man he hoped they would forgive him. Then there was a postscript from the chaplain of the foreign prison, saying he had died that morning calmly, and expressing his contrition for his crime. Woe's me! that was the last of poor Master Anthony!"

"Then Lord Hedly had me call in all the household, and in a strange, husky voice, he told them that their dear young master was dead; and, in case any soul should put a blot upon his memory, he said that Master Anthony had died with his full love, and they must all revere his name. Then he bade Master Dimon take the letter, and, in the presence of all the household, carry it to this room, and lay it in that chest, in a certain drawer that held all the papers relative to Master Anthony's life, and afterward to give the key to me, to be kept faithfully until the family solicitors asked for it—for you must know that there are one thousand little drawers in that chest, each sacred to the use of a Vail-Adderley.

"So Master Dimon carried the letter here, we all following and weeping as we went, and we witnessed him put it in there, and afterwards he delivered me the key, which I had carried for twenty-five years, and hope to carry it till my death.

"Tis a sad, sad story, young lady—forgive me these tears—but when we came back to the sick chamber my poor old master was gone to join his loved boy, and Master Dimon was the new baron that very day.

"Well, well, mayhap I was getting old and useless, but I thought it hard when my lord got his new London steward and turned me off with the other servants. I couldn't leave the old place though, but got leave to be the keeper of the ruins, and so I can live among the scenes where I once was so happy.

"This, young lady, is all I have to tell, and after all it's only an old man's partial version of the past."

"Show the letter now," granted Sir Marcus, who had listened with tolerable patience to the story; "but I'll warrant, unless there's been jugglery at work, it won't read quite like Master Dimon's version of it. Did you ever give him the key—your present master, I mean?"

"Never, Sir Marcus, though he has asked for it more than once. I have always reminded him that this chest cannot be opened until after his death."

By this time the ponderous lid was opened, and looking in they saw that the chest was lined with the most delicately wrought silver drawers, all pulling out toward the centre, with a name engraved on each; and the old servitor, peering anxiously into that silver well, found at last the drawer he sought, took a tiny silver key from his neck, and unlocked the drawer inscribed "Anthony Vail-Adderley."

He drew it out and stepped back.

"It is your right, my young lady, to put your hand in that drawer," said he.

Jane Vail, kneeling on the crimson step beside the ancient repository, reverently took from the top of a pile of papers the letter which, yellowed by time, and doubtless dimmed by tears, crumpled by guilty hands, and saved inviolate by watchful Providence, was now to bear witness to her father's wrongs and the infamy of his cousin.

As she opened it her friends drew back and waited in the adjoining ante-chamber, that she might read it alone and unratched.

"To THE BARON OF EYWOOD CHASE," wrote her father:

"MY LORD: There are moments in which those whom we love haunt us with such thrilling power that our spirits, overleaping all obstacles, cling to the loved ones as if, in very deed, hand was clasped in fleshly hand, and the eyes looked tenderness into eyes which gave back as sweet a tribute.

"Such a moment has come upon me, in the face of an imprisonment which is to last my lifetime. I know that he whom I address has long since gained back his belief in my innocence, and that his heart clings to mine as in the days when he held me in his arms, with my little head upon his breast. With this conviction I am resolved to write what I shall call my vindication, so that when I am heard of no more it may perchance comfort him to whom my truest love has been offered all my life; and what I am about to say I swear by the honour of that name which I have for ever renounced to be strictly the truth.

"The slanders which blackened my character two years ago had their sole foundation in the brain of him who accused me; the slanders which outraged your lordship concerning the woman who presented herself were instigated by my accuser and acted out by the woman herself. The true object of my affection was a pure and lovely girl of plebeian parentage, but of blameless character, about whom at that very time I had purposed to entreat your lordship to listen favourably. Upon leaving your roof as I did (and there was no rancour in my heart toward you as I did it) I proceeded direct to Derby, married the young girl, whose name was Ellen Fairfax, and lived obscurely in Derbyshire under the first half of the name which I consider no longer mine. One year of perfect domestic happiness passed by, during which I personated a middle-class gentleman so well that my own wife never suspected my birth, and then on an unlucky expedition to London I was seized by a press-gang and carried off in Her Majesty's ship 'Guinevere' as a common marine to the Black Sea. It was not until we were some weeks on board that I was placed under the command of a captain in whom I recognized the gentleman whose affianced wife I had been falsely accused of trifling with. A more blameless and Platonic love than that which we bore for each other never existed. The gentleman, never having met me personally, did not recognize me, for which I was thankful, as my determination became stronger at each reverse not to compromise the name that once was mine.

"At last the man whom of all others I have most cause to execrate, and who had affected to ignore me throughout our cruise, was placed over our mess as our lieutenant. My lord, you know the man to whom I allude—my defamer, my supplanter, and your heir, who will reign triumphant when you are dead and I am forgotten. This man, in a moment of unguarded hatred, gave me a blow on the cheek with his sword for some unintentional dereliction of duty, to which I responded promptly by knocking the coward down. As soon as I had done this I perceived that I had done exactly as he wished; he rose up, and with a look of fiendish triumph ordered my arrest for mutinous conduct.

"I was court-martialled and at first condemned to death, but owing to the strenuous exertions of the chaplain, Mr. Gardiner, the sentence has been commuted to transportation for life. So here, my lord, I lie in the Liverpool jail awaiting the execution of my sentence, virtually dead to all I hold dear, and about to be banished for ever from the land of my birth.

"I ask nothing for myself but your belief—liberty I can never obtain unless by casting dishonour upon that name which I have sworn to preserve unsullied; but for my beloved wife and infant girl I beseech your care, and as a dying man commend them to your clemency. You will find them in the village of Edgecombe, Derby.

"And now, my lord, with full forgiveness for your credulity to the poisonous tales of my destroyer, with reverential love which has grown with me from my childhood, and will descend with me to the grave, with prayers for the blessing of Heaven upon your head, I sign myself your lost ANTHONY VAIL."

Trembling, flushed, her eyes now burning with indignation, now tearful with pity, Jane Vail looked up from her father's letter and saw a horrible vision.

It was the face of a man thrust through the torn arras at her side.

Its mouth was open, as if to utter a cry which terror hushed; its eyes glared upon her as if they would leap from their sockets; its nostrils whitened and quivered and opened wide with blasts of rage.

It was the face of Dimon Adderley, convulsed with horror by the sight of the woman whom he be-

lieved dead holding the record of his villainy in her hand!

In the next instant my lord had comprehended the situation. His employes had played him false; Jane Vail had dared all and was within a hair's breadth of success; nay (and his insane vanity whispered this) perhaps, having mastered his secret, she intended to agree to his overtures, as wife, not mistress.

The pale face of my lord disappeared from the arras, his white hand swept it aside, disclosing the private door by which he had entered, and he stepped into the mantling room.

"What! Jane Vail?" cried he, with a smile which doubt and fear distorted strangely. "I thought that—you were—dead! But you have come to me, my darling—have you not?"

And he attempted to seize the hand which held his condemnation.

"Do you see that, father?" hissed Colonel Thorncliff, in the ante-chamber.

"Wait, you dog!" responded his revered parent, fiercely detaining him; "let's see."

Jane retreated round the open chest and stood at bay, with a smile of proud scorn upon her lip.

"What is that you have in your hand, my dear?" asked my lord, softly, with a dicker sleeping in his eyes; "is it Anthony Vail's letter?"

Jane was silent, but her white visage showed no fear in its fixed exaltation.

"So you have been breaking open and prying?" murmured my lord, still softly. "You've been making yourself mistress of my secrets as well as mistress of my heart. Indomitable girl, your courage enchants me. Be assured that I will be as tender to you as if this open chest was still a sealed book to you, but you must never leave my protection again."

"Let me go, Sir Marcus. By Heaven, the sounder!"

"Be quiet, idiot! Don't you see he's spinning the yarn with that gliding tongue of his that'll choke him?"

"And so," continued Lord Dimon, following her step by step round the chest, as she slowly retreated, "give me the letter, sweetheart, and own yourself mine."

"Villain!" said the girl, at last, "I defy you."

He looked at her. Stern, cold, contemptuous, he read in her face the invincible will to defeat him—ay, and the power.

"You defy me!" repeated he, wiping his clammy brow. "Do you know that you have placed yourself wholly in my power by coming here? Do you understand that either your life or your love must be mine?"

Jane made a gesture of speechless loathing.

"Let me go, father, or—"

"Shut up, hang you! He's right fair and square under our guns, and the vixen knows it!"

"No one ever defied me before," cried my lord, wildly, "and you are mad to dare it! Come—be wise—the letter!"

"Usurper! Murderer!"

"The letter!"

"Never, you vile schemer! Your reign here is over! On your knees, dog! and confess your crimes!"

The flicker leaped from my lord's globular and greenish orbs like the blaze from the eyes of a tiger; the lurid beard and whiskers which surrounded his livid face bristled with fury, giving it the horrible appearance of a face rising out of flames; his large, blood-tipped hands stretched out and clawed the air convulsively.

"The letter!" roared Dimon Adderley, and rushed upon her.

"Now!" yelled Sir Marcus, pushing his son into the room with such fell energy that, aided by the colonel's own mad bound, he shot half across the long apartment, and stood transfixed with astonishment, as Jane, with teeth clenched, and the letter clutched, was hurled at his feet by a new actor in the scene.

A momentary glimpses of a pale, flying figure, with streaming hair, of Jane Vail tossed like a feather to one side, of a white arm raised in a grand sweep, of a quick, flashing descent straight to the heart of my lord, and that was all!

Annabel Ingrave stood alone with an awful smile upon her convulsed face.

As they gathered round the murdered man with exclamations of horror she sank to her knees, and heedless of the thunderstruck group bent over her victim and whispered wildly in his ear:

"You thought I was a child, did you, to be slighted fearlessly! This is my reward after sinning for you, loving you, being your slave! To have her reigning here instead of me! Traitor! Why did you buy me from my abandoned mother to destroy me at last? Live again, traitor, that I may tear you to pieces! Why have you out one life? Are you indeed dead? Then I too—"

"Hold!" shouted Sir Marcus, springing forward.



## [THE LETTER.]

Too late. Quicker than light the dagger was snatched from the dead man's breast and plunged into the heart of the living woman, as a blood-curdling shriek burst from her despairing lips.

Murderess and suicide, she sank upon the floor, while Colonel Thorncliff, who had been guarding Jane Vail from a possible attack by the frenzied woman, now clasped her in his arms and hid her eyes from the awful scene.

And it was at this dread moment, while the souls of the guilty plotters floated on to their account, that Jane first knew, in the midst of her terror, that the man whom she loved loved her!

Time has passed on, and has brought in its train important results.

It was a busy time in Eywood Chase.

All day long there had been bustle and hurry and turmoil in the splendid old castle, but now night had come there was a universal hush as of the holding of the breath to listen.

The bulky oaks were draped in white (borrowed from the first snowstorm), and looked like gala ghosts, waiting for the appearance of the master spirit, to dance all round in stately triumph.

Warm light gushed from many a millioned window in the fair west wing, and from the open portal a bright yellow lane shot into the waste of night and snow and silence, as if to meet and welcome on his way some wanderer, long looked for, and coming home at last.

A group of people loitered and waited in the great drawing-room, that stately white chamber wreathed with gold and blushing with rich firelight, standing in the grand central window listening, listening.

A group was in the great grained hall looking down the lane of yellow light, listening, listening.

The very moon and stars, hanging all aglow from Heaven's blue-black ceiling, seemed to be looking down and listening, listening.

And the first sound that broke the stillness was a cannon shot—the first sight that flashed on the night was a towering bonfire on a distant hill; then all the bells far and near burst into a jangle of sweet, frantic glee, and every window in Eywood Chase flashed into a square of flame—for the new baron had entered his own gates at last! And the group in the drawing-room hurried out to join the group in the hall, and both poured out into the yellow lane of light; for carriage wheels were crunching the dead leaves and the snow of the winding drive; and when the coach came out of the night into the yellow lane of light that had gone out to meet the wanderer, a long, glad, heartsome cheer burst from the waiting

friends and servants, and mingled with the jangle of the bells, and in the middle of it the new baron, long-lost, long-loved Anthony Adderley, looked forth from the coach window and waved his hand.

But when they saw that wan, worn, dreamy, smiling face, and when, the coach having drawn up, the door was opened and he stepped out, leaning—yes, leaning on the arm of a little old man, with a beard as white as snow and a face as bright as a child's—and stood gazing about the old place and at the old people with a strange, dreaming, wistful air, the cheer was broken in two, and a sobbing and hushing broke out in its stead.

But when a dainty little white lady descended and took his arm, and looked first at him with adoration and pity and pride and then at them with an imploring smile, and a tall, slight young girl stepped lightly to their side and lifted her charming face transfigured with love and joy, sure such a roar of delight and welcome and sympathy never was heard before by those six-centuries-old listening oaks!

And while the old man, and the man in his blanched prime, and the faithful wife, and the devoted daughter were standing in the luminous lane, heads that had grown white in the service of the Vail-Adderleys pressed forward with:

"Welcome home, welcome home!"

"Oh, Master Anthony, do you remember old Jerrold?"

"Heaven bless ye, young master. It's me—Cray, the housekeeper!"

"My lord, I'm Tims. Please, I used to be your groom," etc., etc.

Anthony Vail put his bony hand to his bleached forehead in a dazed and troubled way, and they heard him sigh:

"Dreams, only dreams!"

But they heard the sweet white lady answer:

"No, all that's past is a sorrowful dream from which we have awakened; this is our life which we are to live together, please Heaven, for many a happy day."

And hearing that sweet prophecy, and seeing before their eyes the blushing child heroine who had brought their baron home, another wild huzzah burst from all; and, in the midst of it, Sir Marcus Thorncliff came stumping forward, swelling with importance like a prince doing the honours of his kingdom, and grasped Baron Vail-Adderley's hands with a sonorous:

"Welcome to your own, my boy! and long may you ride at anchor in your own haven with this taut little craft alongside of you. My service to you, Lady Adderley."

Then, dropping formality, he squared round on Jane: "Bless your brave little heart, my dear—all your doings!" and he gave her a bear's hug.

Then Mr. Gardiner (soon to be reinstated as the rector of Little Catesby) modestly stepped forward, with his eyes sparkling as joyfully as if he had suffered neither loss nor shame for Jennie's sake, for indeed he had forgotten all in his relief at throwing off Dimon Adderley's yoke and giving himself up to finding the darlings of Jennie's heart that they might be reunited at last; and by the eager clasp of Baron Anthony's hand and the beaming of his eye he knew the fact that he had devoted himself to the restoration of the poor paralytic in the London hospital after he had found them had been mentioned with loving gratitude by Lady Adderley.

At last Colonel Thorncliff came from his stand, and after a few warm heart words to the man who had lost half his life in a prison cell, and to the woman who had devoted half hers to his memory, he passed to Jennie, and with a sudden meeting and melting of the purple eyes and the gray eyes he placed her little hand on his arm, and somehow so fraught with love's significance was this slight action that all the servants of Eywood, looking on, in a flash took in the meaning and raised for the third time such a long, thrilling cheer that the jangle of the bells was drowned and the bowing old trees were jarred and some flakes were shaken from the ancient branches, and, falling on the drooping, flushing, radiant girl, foreshadowed the Bridal Veil.

And with this the little group crossed the threshold of Eywood, and a great brown dog was curling and crouching at their feet; and a pretty lady's maid was smiling, with tears on her cheeks and kissing Jennie's hand; and a sweet, old, wasted face was beaming a benediction on them from an invalid's chair placed in the white drawing-room; and a gush of warm home light was folding them in from the night and snow and silence and gloom that lay behind.

Jennie Vail's mission had ended gloriously. She had restored her father to liberty, friends, and home. Surrounded by all he held dear, Anthony Vail is at last reinstated in the home of his ancestors, as its master!

The general joy prevailing at Eywood Chase at this memorable reunion was universally enhanced three months later by a wedding—that of Colonel Thorncliff and Jennie Vail.

A characteristic remark was uttered by Sir Marcus at the close of the ceremony.

"She's a taut and trim little craft!" he said to his son. "See that you prove yourself worthy of her."

THE END.





[THE BRIDE ELECT.]

## FATE.

By the Author of "Nickleboy's Christmas-Box,"  
"Maurice Durant," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER LIV.

Dangers that we see  
To threaten ruin are with ease prevented,  
But those strike deadly that come unexpected.

Massinger.

As the time drew near for placing the last stone to the edifice which he had so skilfully planned and thus far executed the man Melchior's spirits rose a little.

He had worked, brain and hands, soul and mind, with every conceivable kind of villany and chicanery since the days when he parted with honour, and lately, as we have seen, the reaction had been creeping upon him. Now with a mighty effort he threw it off, and, emerging from the hotel—perfectly unconscious that two clever heads, which are proverbially better than one, were working out his destruction—trod with a light step down to Doctors' Commons.

With the licence in his pocket he felt that his fortune was indeed nearing completion.

With a happy, serene smile, that might have been more the diadem of a virtuous paterfamilias than the mark of an evil-minded man, he sauntered into St. James's, and at the most fashionable jewellers' purchased some diamond trinkets and some articles of jewellery for his own wear.

In Regent Street he stood and looked at the café where years ago his boy victim and he had dined and listened to Lord Harcourt's and Claude Ainsley's conversation.

A few streets away and in the mud and mire of Seven Dials he might have pictured the grim, hawk-like face of the Jew Moses; but that victim, with all others, he dismissed from his mind with a wave of his hand and a puff at his choice cigar, as phantoms that had existed and been dismissed from existence solely for his purpose.

"Life is just beginning for you, my friend," he said to himself, as he eyed the handsome face with its thin lips and evil black eyes in the mirror of a shop window. "Life is just beginning. You have washed your hands of vice and crime and are now going to be respectable—to be a country squire, ride hard to hounds, drink fruity port, swear in broad Saxon, and wear knee breeches and three-inch ruffles. And you will look well in the character, Melchior, moreover; indeed, what character is there that you have not adorned?—forger, duellist—for we will call that little affair in the old house a duel, a duel between vulgar, ignorant cunning and intellectual diplomacy—ahem!—"

backed as most diplomacy is with a little judicious force. Poor Gentleman Charlie and old Mo. Really when one is respectable one looks back at one's past victims with a foolish tenderness that is near akin to the weakness of pity. Respectable! What an ugly word it is, and yet to fill it out and represent it the greater part of this world are content to live! Yes, I will be respectable, Squire of Melville, and an English gentleman!"

And with a light, noiseless laugh he called a cab, entirely unconscious of the quiet, white-haired old gentleman who had been looking in at the window by his elbow.

Late that night the roads to Rivershall were cut up by fourtearing, galloping post-horses, whose blue-coated postillions flashed by in the darkness with a "Whoop away!" and a cracking of the whips that woke the sleeping drivers of hay-carts and set them blinking like owls in daylight at the flashing light flying from them.

And as the post-chaise neared the grand old Hall the villagers tumbled out of bed an hour before their time and ran to the window to stare with fiery curiosity.

For it had been rumoured that the mistress of the Hall was to be married, and that the lucky bridegroom was none other than the gentleman who had stayed at the inn and had paid the lone, solitary visit to the Hall at night.

And, as was only natural, curiosity had run mad on such an important event. People hinted that it was very mysterious, that they had never heard Lady Melville was thinking of matrimony, that it was very soon after the funerals, and quoted with much effect Hamlet's sarcasm regarding thrift; but when in answer to the objections a second rumour gained ground that the fortunate gentleman was an old lover of my lady, just returned from foreign parts, then the groups and busy-bodies said:

"Well, well, it was only to be expected."

But though the rumours were not denied no preparations, strange to say, seemed being made at the Hall, and no authentic announcement had gone forth.

Then came the post-chaise and the steaming horses, and curiosity and excitement were on tiptoe.

The news soon spread—indeed the bridegroom's new servant, engaged only that day, helped to spread it—that the bridegroom had come, and that there would soon be a master at the Hall.

The bar of the inn was crowded all the early morning until the men were obliged to commence work.

Small crowds collected at the grocer's and the tailor's, all talking at once, and declaring that they

were perfectly aware of this great fact two months ago.

Never had quiet Rivershall been in such a state of excitement, and amidst it all maundered Jim, half intoxicated already, and going over his old complaint of the heaviness of the squire's coffin and getting no attention from anybody.

Excitement rose still higher when the great man of the hour descended from the best room of the inn, and smiling, "like a good-natured gentleman as he was," upon the open-mouthed group at the door, walked towards the grim old Hall.

Grim and silent it was indeed in comparison with the excitement without its walls.

When the bridegroom rang the great bell he might almost have been pardoned for fancying that it sounded like a funeral knell, so solemnly did it clang in the high turret.

Old Jack Druit opened the gates leisurely, and raised his grained and knotted face to the fair and painted one of the visitor with a look of scornful interest.

A man-servant, with the wisp of crape still round the arm, admitted him to the Hall, and noiselessly opened the small drawing-room door.

He entered, smiling still, and smiled with a broader effulgence as the black-robed figure of his victim rose to meet him.

"Well, Leonora," he said, taking both her hands with an effort at playful tenderness that was simply ghastly, "I have come you see!"

"You have come," she said, lifting her hollow-cheeked face, and raising her lacklustre eyes to his. "You have come to force me to this?"

"Gentle force only," he said, dropping her hands and striving to avert his gaze from her fearfully changed face, but still staring as if fascinated. "Only gentle force, Leonora. You knew I should come. Are you ready?"

"Ready," she repeated, as if the word bore no meaning for her.

"Ay," he said, glancing at her deep crape dress. "You would go through the ceremony in black? Very well; it is the bride and not the costume I want," and he smiled again with the same ghastly result.

"Bride," she repeated.

"Ay," he said, with a great show of impatience. "Come, rouse yourself to play your part. At eleven the ceremony takes place. I have arranged for a clergyman to be here at that hour, thinking you would like everything got through. At eleven."

"At eleven," she repeated, putting her hand to her brow, and then, as she looked round the room like one

vainly struggling with a hideous dream, dropping it to her heart. "Well, you always had your will, always, and—at eleven."

"And it is now half-past ten," he said, looking hard at her vacant eyes.

"Half past ten," she repeated. "In half an hour you will force me to this! Can it be possible? How can such villainy be consummated undetected, unrestrained?"

He smiled.

"The very audacity as you would call it—I call it courage—of the thing is its safeguard. Come, Leonora, one time you would have leaped with delight at the thought of such a fate. Am I grown so distasteful?"

She shuddered and walked to the door.

"At eleven," he said, with emphasis, as he held it open for her, "and while you are dressing I will tell the servants."

He rang the bell.

"Your mistress desires me to request your attendance, all of you, here in this room, at eleven o'clock," he said to the man.

The man bowed and hurried down to the servants' hall, whence there immediately arose a buzz of expectation, for by this time the rumour had reached the hall, and the visitor and his order confirmed it.

For half an hour the arch plotter paced the room, the special licence in his hand, the darkening frown of a determined evil purpose on his face.

As the clock struck eleven the servants filed into the room and stood silent and embarrassed, looking at each other and the tall dark figure standing on the hearthrug.

He looked at his watch, and as the rattle of carriage wheels broke the silence and caused the footman to hurry out to the hall said:

"You all know why you are here? Your mistress is going to be married, and wishes you all to witness the ceremony. That is the clergyman—and who is this?" he asked, as the bent form of Jack Drutt, tramped slowly into the room close behind the curate of Cheriton.

"That is Jack Drutt, the lodge-keeper," said the housekeeper.

Melchior nodded, and old Jack tramped across the room and took up his position beside the French window.

The curate, a young man overcome with bashfulness in the magnificence of the Hall, and the sudden honour that had fallen upon him, shook hands with Melchior, and wiped the nervous perspiration from his face as the former explained in glib sentences the singularly short notice he had given.

"Lady Melville is too unwell to undergo a public ceremony and I have matters of immense importance awaiting my attention in the East. I am compelled to start to-day, hence the short notice, which I hope has not inconvenienced you."

"Oh, no," stammered the young cleric, overwhelmed by the graciousness of this magnificent bridegroom. "Not at all—only too happy to do anything—that is to—er—be of any service to Lady Melville."

"Thank you, thank you," said Melchior, with another smile. "Ah, here is her ladyship," and as the curate bowed, blushed and trembled he went forward and took the thin white hand and led her to the table.

"Have you the licence?" said the curate, slipping on his surplice.

"Yes, yes," said Melchior. "It is here," and while the weak eyes of the curate scanned it his own gray impatient ones glittered as if they could kill him.

"Quite correct," said the poor young fellow. "Stand this side, Lady Melville. Dear me, how ill—er—you look! Don't you think, sir, her ladyship had better wait a little—"

"Ill indeed! Ill unto death one would have said, judging by the livid lips, strained, vacant eyes, and pallid face."

But pushing aside the servants who drew near at this question Melchior replied, with suppressed passion:

"You will kill her ladyship indeed, sir, if you linger," and the alarmed curate opened his book in a flutter of consternation.

A dead silence fell as he commenced, but before a sentence was completed a sudden noise, like the flinging open of the lodge gates, made all start, and the next moment the bursting open of the room door brought the curate up short.

The women, wound up to this pitch of excitement, screamed as the door gave way with a crash, for unseen by all Melchior had managed to lock it, and Melchior himself dropped Lady Melville's hand and turned quickly.

With the rapidity of a flash of lightning his alert mind took in the situation, and quick as an arrow from the bow with a fearful oath he sprang like a leopard to the French window.

The group fell aside as if a thunderbolt was clearing its way through them, but a figure that had been quietly watching at the back stepped in the way and clutching Melchior by the throat literally flung him back into the centre of the room.

He fell with a dull thud, but in a moment sprang to his feet again, when a dozen hands seized his arms and there he stood brought to bay at last.

#### CHAPTER LV.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,  
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

Young.

As the door gave way three persons entered, Sir Ralph, Lillian, and Claude Ainsley.

The women folk shrieked, the men uttered ejaculations; Jack Drutt, who had seized Melchior, loosened his grasp to stare in amazement, and in the intense surprise and shock of the moment all forgot the unhappy woman for whom but a moment ago they had all eyes and ears, and let her sink into a chair and hide herself in the confused group disregarded.

For a moment or so Melchior's head dropped upon his breast and his brow knitted into great cords with the effort his acute brain was making, to take in all the points of the situation.

At the expiration of these few moments he raised his head and turned his great black eyes with a piercing gaze all round the room.

The faces and forms he saw might well have made the strongest and most daring villain quail.

They seemed only to inspire him with fresh audacity and scorn, and as with a sudden movement of his steely muscles he disengaged himself from the hands of the servants he folded his arms across his chest and in a low, contemptuous, mocking voice said to Sir Ralph, who with Lillian on his arm stood the foremost of the group:

"So, Sir Ralph Melville, you intend honouring our quiet nuptials with your stately presence. Ghost, or no ghost, living or dead, you are welcome. You too, my pretty young lady. I wish you joy of your restored animation and renewed health. Mr. Ainsley, too, if my eyes do not deceive me—uninvited guests all, but no doubt welcome, eh, Lady Melville?"

All eyes followed his finger as he pointed it with suppressed, passionate hate and derision at the shrinking figure and vacant, horrified eyes of his victim.

With an unmeaning cry she seemed about to fall from the chair, but Claude Ainsley motioned to the helpless and alarmed curate to support her, which he did, staring round with astonished face at the whole group.

All this had not taken a moment in passing, and amid the confused buzzing that now arose of "Is it really Sir Ralph? What does it all mean?" Melchior spoke again.

"Come," he said, nodding at Claude Ainsley with a smile of malicious daring. "The plot is thickening. And you, I suppose, Mr. Ainsley, are the spokesman as well as the tool of the party? For I doubt not there is to be an oratorical display in the accusation, and that this highly dramatic scene has been properly rehearsed."

"Silence!" said Claude Ainsley's stern voice. "Silence! outside that door are two detectives. One such other sentence and I hand you over to them without a word."

Melchior glanced at the door with a scornful smile.

"Bah," he said, showing his white teeth. "All thrown away, Mr. Ainsley. You should have left heroics for the Orientals. Silence is not my part, I think, and by Heaven I'll prove it. Now, sir, you, Sir Ralph, and my pretty young lady," and he nodded with a demoniacal grin at Lillian, who stood pale and agitated with her eyes fixed upon Lady Melville, "what is the meaning of this sudden and unwelcome onslaught? You, Sir Ralph, seem to forget that though your mysterious resurrection may be a pleasant surprise to some it may not be so joyful an event to others. You forget that at this moment, wonderful as it may seem, this lady—whose sudden indisposition your ill-timed advent has caused—is mistress of Rivershall and will remain so until you prove your identity."

At the audacity of this speech and the open defiance it indicated a hum of amazement rose from the crowd of servants, and Sir Ralph, crimson with rage, stepped forward.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "Mercy is thrown away on you—Mr. Ainsley, call in the officers!"

"One moment I beg," said Claude Ainsley, in a low voice; then, turning to the defiant, motionless figure crowned by its malicious, daring face, he said, sternly: "Having made your idle defiance, now listen. Your impudent assurance is utterly futile. Your plot and the complete evidence of the crimes you have committed in its execution are in Sir Ralph's possession. We have witnesses to prove that you are Chevalier de Morni, forger and thief; Melchior, outlaw and

murderer; Bromwell, sham doctor and concoctor of the vile plot to defraud Sir Ralph Melville of his estate. More yet—and keep silence or I call in the officers!—we have all the necessary evidence to convict you of another and earlier crime, and to hang you as surely as I drop this piece of paper. Now, Chevalier de Morni, Dr. Bromwell, Melchior the assassin, what have you to say? No more idle boasting or insolent defiance; one word of either will seal your doom. One thing only shall plead for you and that is a full and complete confession."

Melchior showed his teeth, and, raising one white hand, blaring with the recently purchased diamonds, stroked his moustache.

"Confession!" he repeated, in a low voice, moving his glittering eyes viciously round the group, "confession! like a paltry thief, a common highway robber—"

"Yes, and in full," said Claude Ainsley, sternly, leaving no single crime or its mode of perpetration undivulged. Only this can mitigate your punishment. Here are paper and pens, and I am ready to take down in the presence of these witnesses all you shall dictate; this and this only stands between you and the gallows."

Melchior looked at him, and his face went a shade whiter.

"You use hard and strong words, Mr. Ainsley. You will deserve the name I bestowed on you if you waste your breath in threats you are unable to carry out. The indictment is a pretty one, but how are you to prove it? Proofs, my friend, proofs! You are a man of the world, Mr. Ainsley, and do not want reminding that a court of law requires something more tangible to convict a gentleman of such crimes than family spite. You bestow on me a variety of ill-favoured names—I retort, prove that I ever held them!"

"That is your answer," said Claude Ainsley, walking to the door as he spoke, "this is mine."

He opened the door, and there entered Clarence Clifford.

Unmoved, undaunted by all that had as yet occurred, treating the threatening murmurs of the crowd of servants and Claude Ainsley's stern warning with indifferent scorn, Melchior's composure and bravado melted like ice in a summer's sun before this last arrival.

"What!" he breathed through his teeth, "you here, lad?"

"Ay, I," said Clarence Clifford, sternly.

"You—you should be in France," said Melchior, with a vain and dreadful attempt at a smile. "What have my dogs done? Played me false! And so you are here, are you?" he continued, his voice gaining a savage intensity, and his eyes blazing with sardonic fury as they met Clarence's steadfast gaze. "You are here to play chief witness, I suppose, hand in glove with the old idiot and the young. Ah!" he broke off, transferring his malicious glare from Clarence to Lillian for a moment. "You are the bait, my pretty one, are you? Wait a while! I've a word for your ears, and your dotting father's. Ay," he went on, waving his hand in a tempest of passion in an outward sweep that included the whole crowd—"for you all! You are witnesses they say for the confession, and by Heaven you shall be! Hear me then, you Wandering Jew! you catspaw. I am Melchior, the bank-note forger, I am the Chevalier de Morni, I am half a hundred other creations that have outwitted and befooled you all until this last mis-stroke. But where's your triumph? Look there," and he pointed his long finger at the white face of Lady Melville, who was still clinging to the curate, "look there! Give us all our right names and what is she? A would-be poisoner! a murderer in intent and belief! Ah! you start, Mr. Ainsley, this cuts near home, doesn't it? Your old love a murderess! Is it possible? Ay, fool, it is. Ask herself. Ask her who gave the deadly water flower to her supposed tool! Ask her of a certain lady beyond the seas now, by name Kate Lucas, and if she has enough sense left in her pitiful brains she'll tell you, and make you confession enough without mine! Ha, ha!" he laughed discordantly.

"So much for her and my pompous squire. Look nearer home. Who is that young coxcomb your pretty lady clings to so fondly? Clarence Clifford you call him; I'll call him by another name! Forger, pick-pocket, thief! Look at him, all of you! That aristocratic gentleman is the lad Clive Melchior, the bank-forger's tool and assistant. Look at his white hands. Ha! Ha! Many a counterfeit sovereign has he stamped! By Heaven they engraved the false plate itself! Ha, Sir Ralph, your face falls does it? The prospect is not so nice, eh? A young jail bird, a felon's assistant, a waif from the thieves' gutter, for a son-in-law! Oh, was there ever such a catastrophe?"

With fiendish mockery he threw up his hand and laughed till the room re-echoed it.



"I have lost one stake, but I have gained the game. Look at me, Sir Ralph Melville, and look at that pitiful sister-in-law of yours. I am the man she tricked and betrayed to marry your brother. I am the man whom he out-bid. You Melvilles, all look at me! I am he who swore to hate you while I had the heart to hate, and to revenge my wasted life on your cursed race while one member of it remained. Have I not done it? Look at the woman who played me false, who took a boy's true heart, sucked it dry and threw it aside with a laugh for an old man's wealth and title. Have I not avenged my lost youth? Which is the more miserable—she shivering on the brink of a maniac's grave, ruined in name and exorcised by all, or I who have lived to drag her down? Look at him," he continued, nodding at Clarence Clifford, who stood white and panting, his whole thoughts on the agony of the woman that had put her trust in him and found him a hollow reed and deception. "Look at him. I hate him! I have hated him through it all and have sworn to revenge my own ruined life on his. Have I done so or failed? Call in your police but let them take the younger thief with the elder, the pupil with the master. Both together we'll hang or die in the hulks, while you, Sir Ralph, live to feed the gossip-mongers and fill the hungry maw of the newspapers. Revenge! It is grander! It is vengeance!"

"Silence!" cried Clarence Clifford, tortured by Lillian's moans beyond endurance. "Sir Ralph, I surrender. Make out the warrant; do what you will, but spare her this! I plead guilty to everything this fiend lays to my charge! I—I—Merciful Heaven, will no one take us from her sight? Mr. Ainsley, if your friendship be anything more than a name take us from her before his vile tongue can utter more."

As these words rang out Lillian, who had fallen into her father's arms, and had hidden her face against his breast, raised her head, tore herself from his arms, and darted to Clarence's side.

"No one takes him," she cried, snatching his hand and holding it against her bosom, "without me!"

Tears sprang into the eyes of Claude Ainsley and all else save Melchior's.

With a laugh of derisive mockery he threw up his hands.

"I confess all," he cried. "I am Melchior, and he is the lad Chi. Where are your officers, Sir Ralph? You'll want a warrant for your son-in-law to be! Ha! Ha! Oh, this is my game after all; I win my revenge."

With his harsh, ferocious laugh another cry ran out.

It pierced his and silenced the angry muttering of the servants, who pushed forward with ominous looks and were with difficulty restrained by Jack Druiit, who stood grim and silent beside Melchior and kept all off by a swing of his arm.

"Sir Ralph!" exclaimed the curate, "for Heaven's sake! Her ladyship, her ladyship!"

She tore herself from his arms before he could finish, and throwing up her arms gave vent to the low wail again.

"Send for the doctor! carry her out! make room there!" cried a dozen different voices.

Claude Ainsley turned to her side.

He saw at a glance that reason had left the weak, overstrained brain and that the vacant eyes saw nothing.

"My son! my child!" she cried. "Oh, give me back my child!"

In her madness she had gone back to dwell while life lasted upon the moment when they told her that the child was stolen; all things, her life in the long, awful interval, had cleared away like a dark cloud, and this long-past anguish stood revealed.

"Oh, my child, my boy! give me back my boy!"

"Give her back her boy! I will!" said Melchior, throwing back his head and waving his hand. "Look, maniac, he is here! convicted," and he pointed to Clarence Clifford.

"There stands the rightful master of Rivershall, Sir William Melville's son; a self-confessed thief. Arrest me and you send the master of Rivershall to the hulks; proclaim my guilt and you blight his name for ever. And this is my revenge! This is what I have worked, plotted and lived for. For this hour's triumph I snatched him from his gilt cradle and trained him to a swifder's life. For this sweet revenge I am willing to pay any price your malice can suggest. Now call your officers."

Without a word Clarence knelt beside the still form of Lady Melville.

"My mother!" he groaned. "Oh, Heaven, is it possible?"

"Sir William's son!" cried a gruff voice, and old Jack Druiit pushed forward. "Old Sir William's son! List to me, young sir!" and he turned his rolling eyes to Clarence's upturned face. "Give me your arm! I'm Jack Druiit, old Jack, Sir William's old and faithful servant. I know his child from a

thousand! This toad says you be him. If that's true there be a souse as will prove it! Oh me your arm, lad," and before any one could prevent him he sprang forward, seized Clarence's arm and forced the sleeve back.

"By Heavens, it is Sir William's boy!" he shouted, excitedly, and to the amazement of all he held Clarence's arm up and pointed to a small mark in the middle of the arm. "I know this mark! I've spoke of it to every man and boy about t' place! It's old Sir William's child!"

"Sir William's child! who said Sir William's child?" cried Lady Melville, struggling in the hands of the maid-servants and pushing her straggling hair from her face. "Who said my child? where, where, where? Oh Heaven, I am blind and cannot see him!"

As her voice rose with each word it pierced Clarence to the heart.

"Mother," he said, "I—I am your son. Oh, Heaven, she does not hear me!"

Claude Ainsley, who had been watching with astonishment, uttered a warning cry as a shadow swept over the white, drawn face and the eyes fixed, then he took Clarence's arm and tried to draw him away; the crowd drew round.

"She cannot answer you, my poor fellow," he said, solemnly, bending over her. "She is dead!"

"Dead!" cried Clarence, falling on his knees again and seizing the lifeless hand.

"Ay, dead!" echoed Melchior, with a wild laugh, and seizing the favourable moment struck the man nearest him to the ground and dashed through the French window.

The fearful crash of the broken glass roused them all; Jack Druiit with a shout followed through the window, others ran to the door, but it opened upon them, and a man ran in and panting for breath looked round eagerly.

"Gone!" he said, in a tone of disappointment.

"Sir Ralph Melville, I am a detective officer from Scotland Yard. We've traced a man we want down here. Hullo! broken window—" and without another word he sprang through it and ran across the rosary.

The fugitive with a white and not face tore across the lawn like a hare with Jack Druiit panting behind.

"Stop him, stop him!" shouted the detective.

"Where's the dog?"

Jack Druiit catching at the hint turned in his path and made for the lodge.

The detective kept in a straight line with the fugitive, but Melchior was better trained, and thinner. Looking back with a laugh of derision, he made for the low garden wall and sprang at it like a wild cat, dropped on the other side, and started across the common.

The detective reached the wall a few minutes after and crying: "Stop thief, in the King's name!" climbed it as quickly as he could, and set off in pursuit again.

Melchior, whose courage rose with the exertion, and whose love of life was increasing with each yard he put between his pursuers and himself, turned off from the direction of the village and made for the open country.

"I'll baulk them yet," he breathed, looking back over his shoulder at the fast-falling-away detective.

"I'll win the whole stakes after all."

But even as he spoke a horseman came up over the rise of the moor before him and pulled up at the detective's shouts for assistance.

Melchior fell flat on his face immediately, and the horseman, not seeing any one about, could not understand either the detective's speed or his frantic cries, and looked round the heath with astonishment.

But Melchior could not remain in his ambush, and, clenching his teeth, sprang to his feet and started off to the right of the horseman.

The detective redoubled his cries, and the horseman, with an answering shout now, turned the horse's head and made to cut the fugitive off.

Melchior, nevertheless, ran straight on; but as he came near enough to recognize the new pursuer pulled up short and with an exclamation of amazement.

The horseman pulled up too and stared with all his eyes, then laughed a hoarse laugh of malice and spurred the animal on.

"Is it you, my fine rogue?" he said. "I am opportune."

"You are, Lord Harcourt," shouted the maddened man. "Turn aside, or I fire!" and he pulled a revolver from his breast and pointed it full at the man riding down upon him. "Draw aside! I am making for life or death! You will not! Madman! then take the consequences!" and with a savage cry he sprang back and pulled the trigger.

A sharp report echoed across the moor. Lord Harcourt threw up his arms and fell like a thing of stone from the saddle.

With a cry as of a wild beast Melchior tore his

foot from the stirrup and sprang across the horse's shook his hand wildly at the detective, who had stopped short with consternation, and tore at racing speed across the moor.

(To be continued.)

## OLIVER MARKS.

VERY little was known concerning Oliver Marks, or "Old Marks," as he was more familiarly termed. He had come to our village just at the close of a cold November day, some fifteen years before the date of my story, bringing with him a little girl about four years of age, a snarly dog, and two sacks. He could not be induced to ride from the railway station but hired a wheelbarrow, stowed his sacks therein, placed the child on them, and wheeled his burden to a little shanty he had hired for his home, his Scotch terrier following him.

It was said that the child slept on the floor that night, wrapped in an old blanket, while her strange guardian prowled through the four small rooms that the house contained, wringing his hands, pulling at his hair and uttering weird groans. But this may have been mere rumour.

The next day a few cheap household utensils, including two beds and bedding, a table and three chairs, were brought from the station and put down in front of the old man's door, he positively refusing to let the man who brought them step inside his threshold.

From that time until this no one, save the village physician, had ever entered Marks's domicile, and people said he must have been bound by oath not to reveal anything, for not a word could be drawn from him regarding his queer patients.

On the evening of which I write Old Marks sat in a high-backed chair, his long, bony arms folded, his legs crossed, and his projectile-shaped head bent forward. His hazel eyes, strangely brilliant, shone out from their deep sockets like lamps in a coal mine; his weakened, wrinkled face looked thinner, yellower than ever. He sat gazing across the deal table toward his friend, his slave, his companion—Abbie!

'Twas the only name she could remember—the only one she had ever heard, and she had never thought to ask for a second. To her name, lineage or destiny she had never given a moment's consideration. It mattered little anyway. Like an animal brought up in one pasture she cared not for a change as long as the feed lasted. And yet there were intelligence in her brown eyes and beauty in her white, round face and extreme neatness in her simple attire. The fires of life, animation, ambition perhaps, slumbered in her breast, waiting only a spark to ignite them. It is very likely that Old Marks thought of this as he sat staring at her, and saw her lips quiver a little as with a half-expressed sigh, for he shook his head and muttered something audible to himself only.

The candle on the table flickered, as the cold December wind stole in through the loose sash and sent ghostly shadows dancing from one bare wall to the other.

The old dog, feeble now like his master, lifted his head, growled lazily, and then settled back under the stove.

Abbie arose, walked slowly across the room and added more wood to the fire.

Then, standing close to the stove to feel the warmth, she said, abruptly:

"I wish we could have a clock!"

"A clock, Ab?" rejoined the old man, in a squeaking voice. "What do you want of a clock?"

"Why, to tell how the time goes," she answered, in her simple way.

"To tell how time goes?" he repeated, with a shrill laugh and a horrible contraction of his facial muscles. "Look at me, Ab—look at me, and see how my arms have shrunk, how my legs have bowed in, how my hair has fallen out, how my flesh has warped, and you can tell easy enough how the time goes."

He came forward to her side, placed his hands over the stove for a moment, and then, rubbing them fiercely, continued:

"You'll feel time as I do; you'll feel it in your body, your brain, and soon enough too. Do you suppose you'll ever look like me, eh?"

"No," she replied, honestly.

"But you will, you will, you'll tremble as I do; you'll cry and pray for strength as I do, but it won't come! Bah! what do you want of a clock?"

With a contemptuous glance, and an impatient fling of his arm he returned to his chair.

The maiden yawned and pushed a glossy tress of hair from her brow. His wild manner, his horrible words had no terror for her; she was accustomed to both.

Another long interval of gloomy silence.

"It is snowing," said the girl, pressing her face to the window and peering out into the night.

The man started as if a knife had pierced his flesh; his eyes dilated, his face grew white.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her attention attracted to him by his laboured breathing.

"Matter, Ab? Where's your memory?" he shouted. "Haven't I told you never to mention snow to me? Curse the snow!"

"I didn't mean to," she answered, beginning to cry.

"Tears? oh, how I hate them! Stop, Ab. Don't you have enough to eat?"

"Yes; but you don't!"

"I? What of that? I find no joy in food! Ugh! it disgusts me! Fools court disease by tickling their palates. No more tears, Ab. Did I ever abuse you?"

"No."

"Enough, then! I'm tired talking. Go to bed! Ha! What's that?"

He rose from his seat and listened intently, his shining eyes rolling restlessly in their sockets. The dog came out from behind the stove, slunk at his master's feet and looked around savagely.

"Help! Help! I perish!" sounded, in wailing tones, from the outside, and mingled with the voice of the storm.

"It's somebody in the snow."

"Snow again! I'll choke you, Ab, if you ever say that again."

"But he cries as if his strength was nearly gone! Oh, let him come in, he is some poor traveller who has lost his way. There, he begs us once more to come to him."

"Let him beg. What is he to me or you? Keep away from the door, Ab, keep away," cried Old Marks, shaking both his clenched fists and glaring at her like a wild beast. "I don't keep an inn, do I? Stop, don't dare me, you haven't an idea what I am yet. I like you, but I'll kill any other mortal that darkens that door without my bidding. Do you hear, Ab?"

"Yes; but if he should die there—"

A low, gurgling howl broke from the old man's lips, his face seemed to swell and turn blue, his long teeth grated, and his joints cracked as he thrashed himself about. Abbie, for the first time frightened, shrank into one corner and covered her face with her hands.

"The fiends put words into your mouth to-night, girl!" he articulated, in a rasping voice. "'Tis not safe for you to stay here. To bed—to bed, I say! I would be alone."

Once more that low groan came from the drifting snow and the girl shuddered as she heard it, and thought of her utter inability to relieve the poor wayfarer.

Old Marks rightly interpreted her expression, and, suddenly blowing out the light, grasped her firmly but gently by the shoulder and marched her into her room. As he returned the wind whistled and screamed, and blew the snow against the windows in clouds. The old man dropped down in front of the stove, and sat there in the darkness listening to the fury of the tempest with a fiendish delight.

An hour might have passed when he arose, lighted the candle, and gazed sharply around. The appeals for help had long since died away, and now the storming reigned triumphant: the windows shook under the blast, the chimney gave forth moans that sounded almost human, and the trees sighed and creaked in the breath of the wind.

"There's no one about—everybody sleeps. The idiot who called has called in vain. I'll look once more at Abbie's legacy. Ha! ha! She doesn't dream what she'll have when I'm gone. She shan't neither! Her youth shall be spent with me, and what is money after the ardour of youth has passed?"

He chuckled revengefully, and passed from the kitchen into his chamber, which was furnished with a cot bed, a box, and a rude chair of his own construction. There was only one window in the apartment and that was strongly boarded up. Shutting the door and locking it securely, he sat down upon the floor and listened again as if in fear.

Then with a muttered curse he took a cold chisel from the box and began prying up a board in the floor. Having removed the first one which she had undoubtedly laid himself, as it measured only two feet in length, he began on another; and finally removed a third, disclosing an aperture of nearly two feet square. Gazing down into the dark vault, he smiled exultingly, and then plunging his hand in drew forth a bag, which was tied in the centre with twine. Lifting this upon the bed, he seated himself beside it, and slowly unwound the cord, his fingers trembling while as if with ague.

Having opened the sack, he took from it several bundles of letters tied with blue ribbon—blue once, but now faded and nearly threadbare. He looked at them once, these yellow missives, and then clutched his hair in agony, while his chest heaved convul-

sively. Anon tears fell from his cavernous eyes, fell thick and fast, and choking sobs welled up from his beating heart.

Again he put his hand into the bag and took therefrom a rusty dagger. Instantly his eyes became dry, his muscles rigid and wild, an exulting laugh broke from his lips, a laugh to strike horror to the strongest nature. Then grasping the blade he swung it around his head several times, while foam gathered from his lips, and his eyes gleamed with a diabolical rage.

Pausing suddenly in his mad antics, he hustled the articles back into the bag, and getting down upon the floor drew another from the vault. Raising this upon the bed by main strength, he opened it, and drew from it several small bags. These he turned upside down and with a musical tinkle and a dazzling glitter hundreds of gold coins came rattling out!

An eager, gratified smile settled upon Marks's withered features, and clutching a handful of the gold he rubbed it fondly, and pressed it to his lips, and gazed upon it reverently.

Another and another bag he emptied until a little mountain of the precious metal grew up by his side. Now his eyes glowed with an insane joy, his every nerve quivered with delight, and bending over the shining mineral he pressed his face against it, and murmured endearing words.

But yet his covetous heart was not satisfied, and diving into the bag again he brought out six large packages of notes—bank notes. These he counted with feverish glee, and laughed, and nodded his head, and uttered words of praise to himself. Until his nerves were completely unstrung, until he was short of breath and weary, he gloated over his treasures, then he restored them to the bag, and replaced the bag in its hiding-place.

"Ten thousand pounds in gold," he whispered, as he laid the boards in their place. "But I'm poor, very poor! Oh, yes! the idiots! Why don't they outwit Marks? Twenty thousand pounds in notes—all good! The man is not born that can do it! I'll sleep now, and get strength; I can sleep like an infant."

Taking a pistol from beneath his pillow, he examined the caps, saw that all was in order, and put it back again. Then, hastily disrobing himself, he crept into bed.

As soon as day dawned Abbie was up and out at the front door, dreading, yet expecting, to see a human form frozen in the snow; but no such terrible spectacle greeted her vision. Determined to be sure that he was not buried in the snow, she took the old fire shovel, and cleared several spots in front of the door.

"Hurrah! he's safe!" she exclaimed, in her childish way. "Somebody helped him—somebody with a heart."

Returning to the kitchen, and brushing the snow from her dress and shoes, she set about building a fire. In a few moments a grateful warmth circulated through the dismal room, the kettle sang merrily, and Abbie, feeling very joyous in consequence of her discovery, sang too, but it was a song of nature, for as yet she had never heard one in words; her voice was very sweet, however.

Presently Old Marks came in from his chamber, and sitting down by the stove began to shiver and tremble. Heat seemed to have no effect upon him, for he momentarily grew worse.

"You are very ill. Let me go for the doctor," said the maiden, anxiously.

"Doctor!" he repeated, with chattering teeth. "I've no money to waste on him. He's getting too much money together. He can afford a horse. I can't. Ugh! how cold 'tis! Is there any rum left?"

"Yes."

And the girl hastened to the old closet, and found a bottle containing about a gill of rum. Turning it into a cup she gave it to Marks, and he added about two gills of boiling hot water. Then, rolling himself in a dilapidated blanket, he drained the mixture at one gulp and laid down beside the stove. The dog, gratified at the proximity of his master, placed his nose upon his arm, and cuddled close to him.

Abbie ate her simple breakfast of rye bread and pork in silence, occasionally glancing with solicitude toward her companion.

Hours passed. The old man slept soundly. Abbie, sitting at the window, saw boys pass by with shovels on their shoulders, and watched them dreamily as they cleared the snow from the ice preparatory to enjoying the pastime of skating. Noon was at hand, but she dared not awaken Marks, and as she was not particularly hungry she made no preparations for dinner beyond placing the tea-pot upon the stove.

Still standing at the window, with her chin resting upon her hand, she saw youths and maidens hurrying to the ice, with skates slung over their shoulders. And then, very suddenly, a tall male figure, well dressed, obstructed her view, and, looking up in wonder and fear, she beheld a pair of blue eyes gazing

upon her with deep interest. Never before had she seen a young man in close proximity, and she regarded him with curiosity, while her neck and face became crimson.

He smiled and nodded, and she could feel her heart beat faster and her cheeks burn. How handsome he was, and good too—she knew he was good.

Presently he waved his hand toward the side door, and beckoned to her. She would like to hear him speak—there could be no harm in that, and Marks would never know it; so she ran out at the side door, and timidly came forward to the tree where the stranger was standing.

"Thank you very much for coming out," he said, with that radiant smile of his. "I saw you this morning, when you were searching in the snow—for my body, I suppose; but I didn't perish after all."

"Oh, dear, was it you?" she said, scarcely above a whisper, her brown eyes opening very wide.

"Yes, and I feel indebted to you for thinking of me. But we mustn't talk much now; you'll get cold. Here is something to remember me by, though you'll doubtless see me again."

"I hope so," she answered, with charming innocence.

The stranger smiled again, and then, lifting his hat, walked away.

Trembling with emotions new and strange to her, Abbie returned to the house to gaze upon and fondle the present he had given her.

Oh, how beautiful it was! A little portrait painted on ivory, with a silver case that opened with a spring. But it wasn't a picture of him, and this fact caused her to wonder why he gave it to her.

So abstracted was she in contemplating it that she knew not that Marks had arisen and was coming towards her.

Stealthily he looked over her shoulder, and then an imprecation escaped his lips, his eyes gleamed like balls of fire, and clutching her arm he howled:

"Where—where did you get it? Shall I curse you? Shall I choke you? Ugh! you're all alike, you women! Deceit, treachery comes into your black hearts with the first breath you draw! Give it to me, or I'll strangle you!"

"No, you won't!" she said, and the brown eyes blazed as they never had before.

With a wolfish cry he raised his hand to strike her when the door opened, and Doctor Kyle came into the room.

Quickly turning, Marks greeted him with a volley of oaths, but the physician made no answer, except to fix his magnetic eyes upon him and to take his wrist very quietly between his thumb and forefinger.

"I was sent for; I have come," said Dr. Kyle, at length, when Marks, much against his will, had become quiet. "I shall ask no fee from you. You are very ill; you must go to bed at once."

"I won't. I'm not ill," snapped Marks, but even as he spoke he staggered and would have fallen had not the physician caught him.

Placing him upon the floor, Abbie and Dr. Kyle took his bed out of his chamber, and set it up in the kitchen, though all the time Marks cursed the kind-hearted man for meddling.

When it was ready for occupancy the doctor sent Abbie out of the room, and undressing Marks put him into bed. Then, from drugs he had brought, the doctor prepared a potion; but the patient was destined never to drink it. Dr. Kyle uttered an exclamation of astonishment as he gazed upon him, and then called Abbie.

The maiden came in with anxiety depicted on every feature.

"Don't be frightened, little girl, if I tell you something."

"No, what is it?"

"He won't live till night," said the physician, solemnly.

The maiden advanced to the couch and placed her hand upon the clammy brow of Old Marks. He looked up at her half-pleasantly, and then she began to weep softly, as she thought how he had denied himself for her sake.

Just then the side door opened, and the young stranger, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, entered the room. Approaching the couch, the latter took a warrant from his pocket, and said:

"Owen Morgan, alias Oliver Marks, I arrest you for the murder of Stephen Bartlett, of—"

"Stop, sir!" said the physician, with dignity. "This man is my patient, and the law has nothing to do with him while he remains in this condition. When he recovers you may do your duty, and not until then."

Abbie looked from one to the other in painful amazement. The young stranger glanced kindly upon her, and then allowed his eyes to rest upon Marks with pity and yet with hate. The old man saw the look, and a smile of triumph flitted over his pallid face.



Raising his clenched fist, he shook it at the officer and said, huskily:

"When I recover—yes, when I do, you may hang me! Too late, my dear ones—too late! Who shall outwit Oliver Marks? My good friend, death has got the start of you!"

He sank back upon the pillow, beckoned Dr. Kyle to approach, and then with difficulty whispered a few words in his ear concerning his secreted treasure. This done, he grinned defiantly once more and died without a struggle. For minutes no one spoke; then the young man took Abbie by the hand, and said, tenderly:

"I would not shock you, but what you must know you had better know now. This man was once your mother's devoted lover. Why she cast him off and married Stephen Bartlett I know not; but she did. Three years after your birth, on one cold, snowy night, your father was murdered, and you taken away, no one knew by whom. All search proved fruitless. The year following your mother adopted me. I was then twelve years of age. Ten years later your mother, my foster-mother, died, leaving a large property. Since then I have searched for you, and now I have found you. You shall be happy."

Abbie chose Dr. Kyle as trustee for the money Marks had left, and went to school for four years. Then, ripened in mental accomplishments and physical beauty, she gave her hand to Horace Bartlett, her adopted brother, and since then has drunk deep of the cup of happiness.

W. G.

**OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLES.**—We have seen a suggestion that the ocean telegraph cables should be provided with branches at intervals, the end of each branch being brought to the surface and held there by a buoy. By means of these floating stations ships in distress near the line of the cable could communicate with the shore.

**ADDITIONS TO THE ROYAL NAVY.**—During the past quarter eight vessels have been added to Her Majesty's Navy, and at the present time there are 27 others in course of construction at the various Government yards or by private firms. The vessels just completed are the composite screw sloop of 894 (727) tons and 720 (120)-horse power engines, launched at Pembroke, named the "Egeria," designed to carry four guns; the "Flying Fish," a composite screw sloop, for four guns, of 727 (879) tons and 120 (720)-horse power engines, launched at Chatham; four double screw iron gunboats, carrying one gun each, of 254 (245) tons, 168 (28)-horse power engines, built by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, and named the "Ant," "Cuckoo," "Hydra," and "Weasel;" the iron steam troop and store ship "Dromedary," of 1,122 tons, and 180 (640)-horse power engines, purchased by the Government for 14,000*l.*, and the troop and store ship "Wye," late "Lancelot," also purchased by the Government for the sum of 21,500*l.*

**WHITLEY ABBEY.**—Whitley Abbey, a spacious and handsome stone mansion, situated on an eminence in the midst of an extensive park, about a mile and a half from Coventry, was on Thursday night, January 29th, the scene of a most disastrous fire. The abbey has undergone considerable improvements by its present owner (Mr. E. Petre), who purchased the estate of Viscount Hood, of which it is a part. The historical associations which attach to the building render it of no small interest, and among these is the fact that here Charles I. fixed his station when he unsuccessfully summoned the inhabitants of Coventry in 1643. The partial destruction of such an edifice is therefore to some extent a public calamity, and will excite general regret. It was with no little difficulty that the servants escaped, and some of them were compelled to jump from the windows on the first floor to the ground. Mr. Petre, Lady Gwendoline Petre, and the household generally, including a number of visitors, had retired for the night, but two men servants had not gone to bed. The building was soon in one mass of flame, and, as viewed through the trees surrounding it, presented a grand though saddening spectacle. On entering the grounds it could be seen that the flames were confined to the west and centre portion of the mansion, which included the dining-room, bed-rooms, study, and the domestic part of the establishment. The exertions of the firemen were more than praiseworthy, and they were deterred neither by a regard for life nor limb from doing everything possible to mitigate the extent of the calamity. One of their most signal efforts was the cutting of the roof, by which the flames were prevented from reaching the eastern part of the abbey, which includes the drawing-room, library, billiard room, and other important rooms above. In regard to the portion of the building to which the fire was confined it must be described as completely gutted. Two-thirds of the abbey present the appearance of complete ruin. Much valuable property, happily, has been saved. The plate, furniture, and pictures come

for the most part under this category. But in that part of the building in which the fire originated the work of destruction was complete, the contents of the servants' and several other rooms being totally destroyed. The loss it stated to be partially covered by insurance, but to estimate its amount would be a vain and impossible task. It must be computed by thousands of pounds, and more than this cannot be said at present.

#### THE DEATH OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

A TELEGRAM from New York, of January 20, tells us that the Siamese Twins are dead, and that the one expired two hours after the other had breathed his last.

These famous twins—about whose anatomical construction the post-mortem examination will doubtless supply valuable particulars—were more than three-quarter Chinese blood; that is to say, their father was a Chinese fisherman, and their mother the offspring of a marriage between a Siamese and a Chinaman. They were born at a small fishing village in Siam, more than sixty years ago, and they lived to be twenty-one years of age before they quitted their native land. In any European country, had twins been born with such a ligament to connect them the surgeon's knife would probably have cut them asunder so soon as they entered the world, without considering that they might perhaps perish under the operation. But these are not the usages of the Siamese; in the first place, practical surgery is unknown among that race, and, secondly, Buddhism abhors the shedding of human blood, or doing anything which may imperil a created being's life. So the twins were allowed to take their chance, and grew up in unsevered company together.

How it came to pass that they migrated to foreign countries was in this wise. A certain Yankee skipper, having heard that the Siamese rulers were buying up arms, loaded his vessel with a lot of worn-out cannon, bought at the government auctions in Calcutta, and sailed up to Bangkok with his cargo. However, the Siamese were hostile, and as yet no commercial treaties were in operation, so the guns could not find purchasers, and no persons were permitted even to sell the American rice. It seemed likely on the whole to turn out a bad "spec," but, by some good luck, the captain "struck" the twins. Craftily did he beguile them on board his ship, then the anchor was got up, the sails were bent, and he made off down the gulf with his prize. In the end, he exhibited the twins among civilized nations, realizing a handsome fortune both for himself and them. This accomplished, the united and happy pair of brothers retired into private life in the Southern States of America. They married—separate wives of course.

After the rebellion in the Confederate States had closed report runs that among the planters who were ruined by the abolition of slavery, and by the consequent fall in the value of estates, the Siamese twins were to be reckoned. This led to the reappearance of these prodigies in the Egyptian Hall and elsewhere a few years ago. It was at that time also that the project of dividing them by the lancet was talked of, and rumour went even so far as to assure us that the twins were on their way to Paris to submit themselves to a skillful surgeon there. For our part we believe that no such design was ever formed. It was a Yankee "flam." The idea was got up in fact to excite attention, and to draw the sight-seeing public.

Let us add in conclusion that the twins were under-sized, really dwarfs, of much smaller stature, that is, than is common either in Siam or in China. They lived, as we say, to be more than twenty years old in their native land, but they long ago professed entirely to have forgotten the language of their birth.

**GUNBOATS FOR GERMANY.**—Two gunboats, for service on the Rhine, are now in course of construction at Brême for the German Government. When the gunboats are completed they will have to be brought through Holland, in a dismantled condition, to Wesel, where they will be fitted out and commissioned for service. Each will carry a 6-in. gun in a turret—for they are of the monitor type—and will draw only 5*ft.* of water. They are plated with steel lin. in thickness, a protection considered sufficient to resist successfully the impact of rifle balls or any projectiles thrown by field artillery. For clearing the banks of a river of an enemy's sharpshooters, for protecting fords or destroying bridges, these monitors ought to be invaluable.

**MARRIED LIFE.**—Good counsel for a wife and mother: "Try to make yourself and all around you agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think to behave to a husband so that he shall remain for ever a husband. What need

have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew drop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of pain to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy you will become so in reality. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as being the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you, and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repining."

#### MILK AS A PROPAGATOR OF DISEASE.

**AFFLICTIONS** it is said are often blessings in disguise, and it is possible that not unfrequently our apparently choicest gifts operate to our disadvantage and injury. Our pleasant vices assuredly become whips to scourge us with, but it seems a startling paradox that the most valuable article of human food which we possess should occasionally be the means of introducing disease into the human system. The propagation of typhoid fever by infected milk was only too clearly demonstrated last year, and it is now asserted by the savants that, if taken from a cow suffering from tubercular disease, the lacteal fluid is capable of propagating the disease in the systems of the persons drinking it.

On this subject Dr. Klebs records a series of experiments which show that the milk of tubercular cows brings on tuberculosis in various animals. He asserts: The affection generally commences with intestinal catarrh, followed by tubercularization of the mesenteric ganglia, the liver and spleen, and ending in extensive miliary tuberculosis of the thoracic organs. Infection by means of the milk may be without result in vigorous organisms; and the author has even seen full-formed tubercles resorbed and disappear through cicatrization. It is likely, adds Dr. Klebs, that the tubercular virus is contained in varying proportions in the milk of cows which are more or less diseased, and the scrofulosis may occur in children born without tubercle through the milk of an unhealthy mother or wet nurse. In conclusion the author expresses the view that the virus is contained in the serum of milk in a dissolved state, and that it is not destroyed by boiling, which is ordinarily insufficient.

At the last meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science Mr. Chaveau gave to the section a demonstration of the transmission of tuberculosis by the digestive organs, when he remarked that his numerous observations enabled him to state that if the healthy young of animals susceptible of tuberculosis were fed with food with which the matter of tubercle was mixed they would all exhibit tuberculosis in various organs. In anticipation of this meeting he had purchased some healthy calves, and, having them fed as described, on slaughtering them on the sixtieth day after the first ingestion the lymphatic system was found extensively tubercularized, while caseous deposits existed in the lungs. This thesis Mr. Chaveau demonstrated conclusively, and he is supported in his inferences by the wholly independent series of experiments carried on by Dr. Klebs, in Germany, to which we have alluded above.

If the facts are not overstated the conclusions to be derived from them are most startling. The precise article of diet of universal use in all nations and climes, the natural food of the infant, and the most nourishing form in which the invalid can take sustenance, instead of being one of the best agents in strengthening the patient in consumption may be the very means of propagating that too prevalent disease.

**HOLBORN.**—Holborn was first known by that name about the year 1417. On referring to the Domesday book, Middlesex, 127, A 1, I find these words:—"Tue King has belonging to Haleburne two cottagers who pay twenty pence a year to the King's Sheriff." In King Edward's time (i.e. the Confessor's) the Sheriff of Middlesex always had the protection of those cottagers. "William the Chamberlain pays to the King's sheriff six shillings a year for the land where his vineyard is situated." The history attached to this property is remarkable. It was taken from the care of the sheriff, and by the Norman King created "The Manor of Portpole," of which one Chingewell (i.e. Kingswell) was enfeoffed in capite, so that on failure of his issue the manor would revert to the crown. A manuscript, No. 1912, in "the Harleian Collection" tells us "that our Richard Chingewell did enfeoffe ye Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's of certain houses and rents in ye Probend," Portpole. Referring to the list of the prebendaries of Portpole, we find this subin-

foundation was before the thirteenth century. A canon prebendated to this stall, in addition to his allowance from the "Communa" of the Cathedral, would enjoy the rents of or reside at this particular manor. In the year 1259, one Robert, known as "Robert of Portpole," was the tenant. He at that time made his will, and founded a chantry in the neighbouring hospital of St. Giles. After the death of Robert, the Dean and Chapter enfeoffed Reginald, the first Lord de Grey de Wilton. He died 1307. John, the second baron, founded the chantry of Portpole and died 1324. Henry, the third baron, died 1344. Reginald, the fourth baron, demised Gray's Inn about the year 1350 to a community of lawyers, whose successors have remained there to this day. Chingwell's issue failed in the reign of Henry VII., and Portpole and Gray's Inn reverted to the crown. On the fifth stall, south side, in the choir of St. Paul's may be read "Portpole." The present prebendary is the Rev. E. H. Plumtree.—W. L.

**GAMBLING WITH A JENNY.**—Not one man out of a thousand knows what a "jenny" is. We are, therefore, much indebted to certain detectives of the K. division for enlightening us on this point. At Worship Street Police-court the other day they failed to prove that ringing knives was an illegal amusement. They have, however, secured six weeks' incarceration for Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton, who, it appeared by the evidence, set up a "spinning-jenny" in the Mile End Road, on which instrument of hazard the gamins of this district were wagering freely. Here was a distinction without a difference. The hawker with his knives on a board charged the boys a penny for three throws, and if they rung a knife they won it; but Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton, however, charged the boys a penny a spin, and if the indicator pointed to a prize, the boy got it, if to a blank the boy lost his penny; in one there was skill, in the other chance. Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton will, no doubt, during their six weeks' retirement be able to devise some other means of amusing the youths of Mile End without infringing the strict letter of the law. To be serious, is it not deplorable that the present anomalous position of our laws on betting and gambling should crop up in such ridiculous cases as these? What is a lucky bag at a bazaar but gambling? What are lotteries for fat geese, and art prizes, but games of chance? How are we to expect men of the stamp of Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton to draw the artistic distinction between a spinning-jenny at Mile End and a lucky bag or lottery at Hanover Square Rooms?

**THE GRAND SIAMESE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.**—The subjoined is a description of the new Grand Siamese Order of Knighthood, which was inaugurated at the coronation of his Siamese Majesty:—The Grand Siamese Order of Knighthood consists of 300 members, exclusive of the monarch, who is also grand master. These are divided into five classes or grades, named respectively knights grand cross, knights commanders, commanders, companions, and 5th class. The decorations worn by each class were designed by his Siamese Majesty, and have been executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street. They are as follows:—The grand master wears a collar, scarf, badge, and star. The collar (worn only by the grand master) is of gold, with a centre ornament, representing a three-headed elephant, surmounted by the regal crown, encircled by rays. On either side of the elephant, and acting as supporter, is a dragon of conventional Siamese character, and the remainder of the collar consists of links formed alternately of lotus flowers and the royal cypher. The entire ornament is closely studded with gems. The badge is formed of an eight-pointed star in pink enamel, pendant from the regal crown encircled by rays. In the centre of the badge on the obverse is a portrait in enamel of his Siamese Majesty, and on the reverse an enamel painting of the three-headed elephant. Around these paintings are circles of diamonds bordering a legend in Siamese characters in gold on a ground of dark blue enamel. The points of the star are connected by a wreath of lotus flowers in gold and enamel. The scarf is of pink watered-silk ribbon, with gold buckle and hook. The star is of sixteen points, alternately silver and gold, closely set with diamonds. The centre is occupied by the royal cypher in diamonds on a ground of pink enamel, and is surrounded by two circles of diamonds, which enclose a legend in Siamese characters on a blue enamel ground. The knights grand cross, who are twenty in number, have the badge, scarf, and star, as worn by the grand master, but without any gems; the silver rays of the star are, however, cut in facets like diamonds. The knights commanders are fifty in number, and have the badge, as above, suspended from a narrow ribbon collar of pink watered silk. The star of this grade has eight points, which are rayed, not cut, in facets. The centre is the same as that of the knights grand cross. The commanders, thirty in number, have the badge and ribbon collar as knights commanders, but wear no star. The companions to the number of a hundred

have the same badge as the other members of the order, but smaller in size, and it is worn suspended from a short piece of pink watered-silk ribbon, with a buckle-brooch and bar, as our military medals. The fifth class, also numbering a hundred members, wear a silver medalion, made in one piece, the details of which are almost identical with those of the badges worn by the other grades.

## SCIENCE.

**SAFFRANIN.**—If mixed with strong sulphuric acid, this dye-stuff develops a fine blue tint, becoming emerald green by addition of a little water. By suitable additions of water and acid nearly all the prismatic colours can be produced.

The use of Epsom salts is found to give brighter tints to certain aniline colours, especially primula and methyl violet. Sulphurous acid is also beneficial for these colours, the tints being brighter and less readily rubbed off.

**KANGAROO AND ALLIGATOR SKINS.**—The hides of kangaroos are imported in considerable quantities from Australia to San Francisco, where they are tanned. They give leather quite thin, much more supple than calf skin, and yet less permeable to water.

**A NEW APPLICATION OF GYPSUM.**—Gypsum mixed with 4 per cent. of powdered marshmallow root will harden in about an hour, and can then be sawn or turned, and made into dominoes, dice, etc. With 8 per cent. of marshmallow the hardness of the mass is increased, and it can be rolled out into thin plates, and painted or polished.

**ALUM IN BREAD.**—To test bread for alum take a wineglassful of water, place it in a porcelain dish and a teaspoonful of tincture of logwood (prepared by digesting two drachms of freshly cut wood in five ounces of alcohol) and the same quantity of a concentrated solution of carbonate of ammonia in water. Dip into the pink-coloured solution a piece of bread to be tested for alum, withdraw it after five minutes and lay it on a plate to dry. If in one or two hours the bread becomes of a blue colour, it contains alum; if it contains no alum the red colour will entirely disappear.

**COMPARATIVE DURABILITY OF GOLD AND SILVER COINS.**—It appears from experiments made in St. Petersburg that, contrary to the opinion generally entertained, gold coin wears away faster than that of silver. Twenty pieces of gold half imperials and as much of silver coopeks—coins of about the same size—were put into new barrels, mounted like churns, which were kept turning for four hours continuously. It was then found on weighing the coins that the gold ones had lost sixty-four grammes—the silver ones only thirty-four; but as the number of gold pieces was twenty-eight per cent. less than those of silver, the proportion is of course greater to that amount in favour of the latter. The silver also contained more alloy than the gold.

**NEW FOSSIL MAN.**—It is stated that a third skeleton of a Troglodyte has been discovered by M. Rivière in the caves of Mentone. This new skeleton, judging from the various and numerous implements by which it was surrounded, lived at an epoch far more remote than that assigned to the skeleton now in the Museum of Paris. The warlike instruments and objects found with them, though composed of flint and bone, are not polished. They are only sharpened, and by their coarse execution appear to belong to the Palæolithic age. On the upper part of the remains was a large number of small shells, each pierced for stringing as a collar or bracelet. No pottery nor any bronze object was found. The first skeleton was found in the same neighbourhood on the bank of a railway cutting on the sea margin, and appeared to have been crushed by a fall of rock.

**LIGHTHOUSES ON THE CANADIAN COAST.**—The Government of the Dominion of Canada appear to be very active in pushing forward the work of lighting up their coasts. In addition to the several new lighthouses which have been completed during last year intimation is now to hand of a light being established on the west end of Sable Island. The light is white, showing three distinct flashes at intervals of a half-minute, and being then eclipsed during one minute and a half. It is elevated 123 ft. above high water. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on Grindstone Island, a lighthouse has also been erected 200 ft. above the sea level, from which a revolving white light, showing a flash every minute and a half, will be exhibited in April. Alterations and improvements are being effected on the lighthouses at other points of the Canadian coast.

**MEAT PRESERVED FOR TWENTY YEARS.**—Italy is at present suffering from the scarcity and dearth of food, and her sense of privation increases with the advance of the season. A week or two ago Bologna was the scene of a monster Famine Meeting to discuss the matter. The military authorities, it seems, have long given rations to the troops in the shape of preserved meat, tins of which served

out in the Cimarra Barracks in Rome were believed, but wrongly, to have caused the recent outbreak of cholera in the city. The popular dislike to preserved meat, aggravated as it was by this erroneous assumption, is attempted to be overcome by Professor Comi, who, according to the Roman journals, has invented a process by which meat can be kept for an indefinite time by petrification, without casing or covering of any sort. A tongue of an ox was lately served up to a party of savants, who relished it exceedingly, and said as much. It had been petrified twenty years ago by Professor Comi, and was softened and stewed in *agrodolce* before being set on the table. Its nature, taste, and flavour were intact.

**HISTOLOGY OF THE LEAF OF THE TEA-PLANT.**—The parenchyma of the leaf of the *Thea viridis* abounds in spheraphides; the margins of the cells of the epidermis are alike sinuous on both sides of the leaf, only apt to appear confused on the upper surface from the adhesion of some of the rounded or oval cells of the subjacent parenchyma; on the under surface there are simple unicellular hairs and oval stomata. All these points may be very easily displayed by soaking the fresh leaf in a solution of caustic potash, and often still better by boiling the part in that alkaline fluid. And, as observed by Mr. Gulliver in his paper on the Short Prismatic Crystals, in several parts of leguminous plants, and in the testa of other orders, the potash is very valuable in separating vegetable fibres, membranes, and cells, and also in clearing parts so as to expose many plant-crystals otherwise but dimly seen, as was shown experimentally by him in the leaves of tea at a recent meeting of the East Kent Natural History Society at Canterbury.

**THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AT THE GOLD COAST.**—A large number of men of all colours, castes, and creeds, are employed under the Royal Engineers in the construction of the land telegraph lines on the Gold Coast. Wherever it is practicable, trees are substituted for telegraph posts without cutting them down. By means of the light wire and small insulators sent out from Healey's Telegraph Factory at North Woolwich, these men, with no other tools than a light ladder, large gimlet, a handsaw, and axe, can complete six miles of line per day, when the way is tolerably clear through the bush. The numbers of insulators and tree posts per mile varies according to the nature of the ground. The average on level ground is eighteen intermediate and three straining posts per mile, which makes a span of eighty-four yards, and on hilly and difficult ground there are as many as twenty-six posts per mile, and in exceptional instances there are spans of 200 yards. The telegraph apparatus employed in the Gold Coast expedition against the Ashantes is the invention of Sir Charles Wheatstone, and is contained in a compact box, 13 in. long, 8 in. broad, and 7 in. deep, the weight of the whole being under 25 lb. The electric power is derived from a permanent magnet within the instrument, a constant series of currents from which is obtained by a rotation of a small iron armature placed before its poles and turned by a handle in front. The signals are made by successive depression of lettered fingered keys arranged around the dial plate. By means of these instruments camp and field messages can be transmitted at the rate of twenty words per minute a distance of 100 or 200 miles. The object in erecting the field telegraph is that of making known the enemy's position or numerical strength, to order arms and reinforcements from distant stations, and to control any military and strategic movements found necessary in the war on the Gold Coast with the Ashantes.

## ALUMINA, FROM THE CLAY TO THE SAPPHIRE.

**ALUMINA** is the oxide of the metal aluminium. It occurs in nature as corundum, which is an extremely hard mineral, ranking next to the diamond, its specific gravity being 4.0. It consists of 53 per cent. aluminium and 47 oxygen. The precious gems sapphire and ruby are the representatives of pure alumina, the first of a blue and the other of pink or rose red colour. If they possess a stellated opalescence, when viewed in the direction of the vertical axis, resembling a star, they are called star sapphires or rubies, which were known to Theophrastus and Pliny in the first century.

Alumina is contained in a vast number of minerals. Clay is the result of the decomposition of aluminous minerals, and is, strictly speaking, a mixture of siliceous or flint with at least one fourth of alumina, and has a peculiar earthy odour when breathed upon; and the mineral shale, which differs but little from clay, is extremely infusible and insoluble, and is also the companion of the siliceous minerals; any earth which possesses sufficient ductility, when kneaded up with water, to be fashioned like paste by the hand, is called clay. These clays vary greatly in their composition, and are nothing more than mud derived from the decomposition or wearing down of rocks, as we see by the rain-drop



impressions, ripple marks, or mud-cracks, which bear marks and evidence of exposure above the water, indicating plainly the long time which was required for the decomposition of the felspathic rocks, mostly contained in granite, and of granitic and gneissoid rocks and porphyry. In some regions where these rocks have decomposed on a large scale, the resulting clay remains in vast beds of kaolin mixed with pure quartz or silex, and sometimes with oxide of iron from some of the other minerals present.

Before proceeding farther to state what function the component parts of granite, which are the quartz, felspar and mica, occupy in the aluminous silicates, let us say a few words on the classification of rocks according to their origin and age, meaning the earth's crust, of which but a small portion is accessible to human observation.

All rocks are divided into four great classes according to their different origin. The first are the aqueous; second, volcanic; third, the plutonic; and fourth, the metamorphic. Each of these four distinct classes has originated at many successive periods. It was formerly supposed that all granites, together with the crystalline or metamorphic strata, were first formed, and were called, therefore, primitive rocks, and that the aqueous and volcanic rocks were afterwards superimposed, and would rank, therefore, as secondary in the order of time. The aqueous rocks are also called the sedimentary or fossiliferous, and cover a larger part of the earth's surface than any others; they consist chiefly of mechanical deposits, such as pebbles, sand and mud, but are partly of chemical and some of organic origin, especially the limestones; they are called the stratified rocks, meaning strata which have been produced by the action of water. We have adopted these names of formations, such as the stratified and unstratified, fresh water and marine, aqueous and volcanic, ancient and modern, metalliferous and non-metalliferous formations.

The volcanic rocks are those which have been produced at or near the surface, whether in ancient or modern times—not by water, but by the action of fire or subterranean heat. These rocks are, for the most part, unstratified, and are devoid of fossils; they are the results of volcanic action and of craters more or less perfect; they are composed of lava, sand and ashes, similar to those of active volcanoes; and streams of lava may be traced from high summits or come into adjoining valleys; and earthquakes have produced erosions, fissures and ravines (whereby we can detect porous lava, sand and scoriae), dikes or perpendicular walls of volcanic rock, such as are observed in the structure of Vesuvius, Etna, and other active volcanoes. The basaltic rocks, forming the rocks of Staffa and of Giant's Causeway, are all volcanic; they have in their mineral composition much resemblance to the lavas, which are known to have flowed from the craters of volcanoes.

The plutonic rocks, which comprise mostly the granites, etc., differ much from the aqueous and volcanic; they are, in common with the next class, highly crystalline and destitute of organic remains; the plutonic comprehend all the granites and certain porphyries, which are nearly allied in some of their characters to volcanic formations. The metamorphic rocks, however, are stratified and often slaty, and are called by some the crystalline schists, in which are included gneiss, micaceous schists, and hornblende schists, statuary marble, the finest kinds of roofing slate, and others. All the various kinds of granites which constitute the plutonic family are supposed to be of igneous and aqueous origin, and have been formed under great pressure at a considerable depth in the earth, or under a certain weight of incumbent ocean. Like the lava of volcanoes, they have been melted and afterwards cooled and crystallized, but with extreme slowness and under conditions different from those bodies cooling in the open air; they differ from volcanic rocks not alone by their crystalline structure but by the absence of tufa and breccias, which are the products of eruptions on the earth's surface or beneath seas of little and inconsiderable depth.

The metamorphic or stratified crystalline rocks form the fourth and last great division of rocks, comprising the gneiss, mica schist, clay slate, chloritic schist, marble and the like, the origin of which is more doubtful than that of the other three classes. They contain no pebbles or sand or scoriae, and no traces of organic bodies, and are often as crystalline as granite, yet divided into beds corresponding to sedimentary formations, and may be called stratified. The materials of these strata were originally deposited from water in the usual form of sediment, but were subsequently so altered by subterranean heat as to assume a new texture. It may be proved that fossiliferous strata have exchanged an earthy for a highly crystalline structure, even at some distance from their contact with granite; hard clays containing vegetable or other remains have been turned into slate, called the mica schist or hornblende

schist, and every vestige of the organic bodies has been obliterated.

All the crystalline rocks are of very different ages, sometimes newer than the strata called secondary, and we must infer that some peculiarity must exist which is equally attributable to granite and gneiss, or in other words to the plutonic and altered rocks, which are distinguished from the volcanic and the unaltered sedimentary rocks; and that the granite and gneiss and the other crystalline formations are hypo-aqueous, or rocks which have not assumed their fossil forms and structure at the surface, and occupy the lowest place in the order of superposition.

The composition of granite, as already stated, being quartz, mica and felspar, the two last-named ingredients contain the alumina in the form of silicate of alumina in nearly equal proportions, and some contain also some alkaline ingredients; likewise mica consists of a silicate of alumina and another alkali, differing somewhat from those contained in the felspar; we have, for instance, the anorthite, a lime felspar, the labradorite, a lime and soda felspar, the oligoclase, a soda lime felspar, the albite, a soda felspar, the orthoclase, a potash felspar; while the mica group, such as the phlogopite, biotite, muscovite, lepidolite, and others contain about twenty per cent. of alumina and about thirty per cent. magnesia in their compositions. Felspar, like adularia, amazonstone and labradorite, when polished, form ornamental minerals; the garnet, likewise a silicate of alumina, when cut and polished, forms a gem; so is the lapis lazuli, a silicate of alumina, an ornamental stone furnishing the natural ultramarine-blue colours. The turquoise, one of the gemstones, is of blue colour, but is a phosphate instead of a silicate of alumina, while another interesting mineral, called wassellite, contains this alumina. The beryl and emerald are silicates of alumina oxygenated; the latter coloured with oxide of chrome; and the first, when cut and polished, has the name of aqua marina, and is a fine gem.

A vast number of minerals composed of alumina and silica are found in nature, which find much useful application in the arts and manufactures; the mineral opalite from Greenland, which is an aluminate but not combined with silica, is a fluoride of aluminum and sodium, is exported to many parts of the world and furnishes the material for alumina compounds.

Common slate, fuller's earth, pumicestone, marl, loam, ochre, unburnt, and sienna are more or less clays or silicates of aluminum, the three latter being coloured by oxides of iron and manganese.

The topaz, a beautiful gem, is a silicate and fluoride of alumina. The great family of zeolites, which are composed of hydrous silicates and represent a very interesting class of minerals, are all chemical compounds of alumina with silica; most of them contain also a considerable portion of water, and lime, soda and potash.

Clay—which is found in nature in very extensive deposits, and of very fine quality and texture is called kaolin, while there are other varieties, such as common pipe clay, fine clay, marl, or loam clay, and claystone—is of the same chemical composition as regards the silicate of alumina; some kinds contain more iron, and some contain lime and the alkalies soda and potash; all, however, owe their existence to the decomposition of the granitic rock which, through many causes, either chemical or mechanical, or through the action of atmospheric air for many ages, has gradually become disintegrated; and as Brogniard found in France the granitic rock in such a condition he called it "la maladie du granite." The rock may gradually wear down either by variation of temperature or glacial action, or by congelation of water within the rock, gradually producing a split and expansion.

**THE DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.**—The telegram containing the news of the death of Dr. Livingstone, the correctness of which was at first doubted by such authorities as Sir Bartle Frere and his colleagues at the Geographical Society, has now been so decisively confirmed that it hardly admits of doubt; and we must be contented to look upon his marvellous career as at an end, though we have, in all probability, still much to learn about its details, and even about its main facts, during the last few years. From such fragmentary knowledge of his position as we have received since he parted with Mr. Stanley we suppose that he was of late mostly occupied in exploring the course of the great river or rivers Luabala in Man-yema, the possible source of the Nile after all, and of Lake Lincoln and the River Chambeze. At all events, he seems, by present reports, to have met his death at a place not on our maps, called Lobisa, a considerable distance to the east of Lake Bumba, and about ten degrees south of the Equator, in July last, or shortly afterwards.

**INDIAN SILK.**—The entire duties in connection with the cultivation of silk in Kashmir devolve on

the Chief Justice, Daboo Nilambur Mookerjee, and it is entirely owing to his exertions that the sericulture has attained to its present thriving condition. Praise has been given to Italian reapers, but the Baboo has used reapers imported from Bengal to teach the Kashmerees and Baittees, who are now nearly equal to their tutors in the art of reeling silk. We recently stated that "sanguine expectations are entertained that the yield for 1874 will be at least 10,000 lbs.," whereas, in reality, the out-turn for 1872-73 has already been 12,800 lbs. of silk, worth about a lakh of rupees. Besides this, a large quantity of moss silk is being utilized for carpets and coarse silk stuff, and the original quantity of eggs has been increased one-half. From such a good beginning the present prospects of a lakh of rupees are expected to be increased tenfold in the course of a few years. Prior to the Baboo's undertaking the direction of sericulture in the valley the people produced, as their best annual crop, silk to the value of about 12,000 rs. (1,200L.) Silk reeled after the old Kashmere fashion sells at 5 rs. or 6 rs. (10s. to 12s.) per cocoon; the Baboo's best silk, reeled by natives, has been valued in England at 24 rs. (2L. 4s.) per cocoon.

**INDUSTRIAL OPERATIONS IN RUSSIA.**—The ribbon industry of Russia employs forty-three factories, with 1,000 workmen, and an annual product of 500,000 roubles value. The silk branch is at a disadvantage from the tardiness of manufacturers in accommodating themselves to the changes of fashion. The factories for galloon are twenty-three in number, and there are upwards of sixty gold thread factories, employing about 2,000 workmen; the annual product may be estimated at 2,500,000 odd roubles. Embroidery in a national style is carried out on a large scale. The Russian women show great skill in these productions, many of the embroideries intended for ecclesiastical purposes exhibiting representations of paintings. The immigration of Persian artists has led to the embroidering of tablecloths, ladies' jackets, etc., in their national style, which fabrics are highly appreciated by the fair sex.

**NEATNESS.**—A girl's everyday toilet is a part of her character. The maiden who is slovenly in the morning is not to be trusted, however fine she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, washstand, water, soap, towel, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico; but, with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbour should come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand decent appareling for your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

**A REMARKABLE OAK STUMP.**—Some thirty or forty years ago there stood in the Lug Meadows, near Moreton, a little north of Hereford, two very large oaks, about a hundred yards apart. They were massive and lofty trees, and known by the names of "Adam" and "Eve." They had, however, suffered greatly from storms, had lost many branches, and were perfectly hollow. During a violent storm "Adam" was completely blown down, and lay for some years after in the meadow. "Eve," too, lost her top, and the whole of her remaining branches, leaving nothing but her immense hollow trunk. This trunk now measures twenty-five feet eight inches in circumference at five feet from the ground, and thirteen persons are said to have taken tea within it; twenty-one grown sheep, too, have been counted as they came out of it. When the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway was made the line included "Eve" in its boundaries, and its hollow bole was at once appropriated as a residence by an economical navy. The top was evenly sloped off and thatched, as it still remains; a brick fireplace was built in a low opening on the south side, with a chimney beside it; a door was fitted to the east side, and thus it was converted into "a family tenement, compact and convenient." For many months after the line was opened for public traffic this hollow bole actually formed the only residence of the station-master. It then became the lamp-room and was used for this purpose for fourteen years. "Eve" has now been dead for five years, and since 1869 her noble hollow bole has been converted into a stable for a donkey.



[FACE TO FACE.]

## PRETTY AS A PINK.

"PRETTY as a pink! Yes, exactly so; that much I am willing to confess. And if you were choosing a pink to put in your button-hole, instead of a companion for life, I should say that the principle on which you have made your selection was a good one. But do you really think, John Irving, that Jenny Wyldie will ever be to you what your mother was to your father—a helpmeet, and other self, in the best sense of both words? Pretty as a pink! Yes; but vain, frivolous, and, worst of all, silly. Other faults are curable; but brainlessness, John, is ineradicable!"

"I think you are too hard on Jenny, Aunt Rachel," interrupted the young man, with a certain shade of indignation in his well-restrained tones. "She is very young, and—"

"Twenty, if she's a day; and if a fool at sixteen is a fool all his life do you not think that the adage holds good for four years later? Ah, John! John! I was so proud of you, and looked to see you bring home some nice, sensible woman who would have made you happy and me too by reflection."

Mrs. Raymond here wiped away a tear from the keen gray eyes to which such a visitant had of late years been almost unknown.

"Dear aunt," said John Irving, kindly, for he loved with all a son's affection the widowed and childless aunt who had been to him as a mother, "why should not my dear little Jenny make me as happy as though she were the wisest of womankind? I am sure—"

"Because she is a fool," snapped the old lady, so suddenly that John stopped, astonished at the change from her former melting mood. "And I tell you again, John, that such a fault is an incurable one. You may reform a knave, but fools are just hopeless. And, besides, she is a flirt. Flirting and dress, that is all there is inside of that fuzzy head of hers; all

kinks, and crimps, and bangs, and curls outside, and men and fine clothes within. What does she ever do, except make up bits of trashy finery? But there is no use in talking. She has a pretty face, and pretty little ways of using her eyes and hands and shaking her head, and so you see in her a proper companion for your life, a capable mistress for your house, and possibly a judicious and sensible mother for your children. Go your ways, John, as many a man has gone before you. You have more sense than some men, and one day you'll awaken from your foolish love-dream; only don't come then to your old aunt to get the things set straight. Now I've said my say, and I'll say no more. I'll call on Miss Jenny tomorrow, and do all things by your betrothed that your mother would have done had she been alive to see this day. Now you can go. I don't feel much like talking any more, and, besides, here comes Miss Jenny. Out with you, my boy."

John deposited a hurried kiss on the wrinkled cheeks, still moist with unwonted tears, and in a few moments he stood beside his lady-love, as blithesome-looking a young lover as any in Christendom. He was not ill-looking either, though strength and intellect were more the characteristics of his sturdy frame and massive features than any show of manly beauty; and he looked a fitting protector for the pretty little blue-eyed creature at whose side he had placed himself in all the security of acknowledged and accepted love.

Jenny Wyldie was truly, as her lover had said, "as pretty as a pink," and very much in the rosy, tumble-to-pieces fashion of that sweet but unsettled-looking flower. A mass of sunny hair, that required pounds of crimping-pins, and hours of time to get into a state of fashionable fuzziness; big blue eyes, with a sort of astonished look in their azure depths; a little nose, "tip-tilted" in true Tennysonian fashion; a rose-bud of a mouth; and a dainty little figure, all soft curves and delicate outlines, where those outlines could be

detected beneath a mass of frills and ribbons; such was Miss Jenny Wyldie, the belle, and the betrothed of the rising young physician, John Irving.

She looked up into the eager, animated face of her lover with the prettiest smile in the world—a compound of childish innocence and womanly witchery, which was positively bewildering. It was not a salutation called forth by John Irving's presence. It was simply her best-company smile, and she liked to practise it—that was all.

"Why, John, where did you spring from?" she asked, in as much astonishment as though the glimpse she had caught of his head at Mrs. Raymond's window had not brought her round the corner to continue her promenade past that lady's house.

Some women take to fibbing as naturally as ducks take to water.

"I was talking with Aunt Rachel about you, Jenny. She means to call upon you to-morrow."

"I shall be so glad to see her."

This was fib number two, for Miss Jenny knew by instinct that Mrs. Raymond was not pleased with her nephew's choice, and she disliked the old lady accordingly.

"Just wait till John and I are married," she had remarked confidentially to her cousin and friend, Mrs. Delancey, a young married woman of some three years' standing, "and then let that old woman look out. I'll see that John and she are not any too intimate after that. I wonder if she thinks I mean to have her poking her nose into our affairs? Why, she would be worse than a mother-in-law!"

"I know she will love you dearly, Jenny, when she knows you," John went on to say.

In the innocence of his heart he did not see that he was making the damaging admission that Mrs. Raymond did not love Miss Wyldie already.

"I know she will, for I shall love her—oh! so dearly!"

Here was fib number three, accompanied by another of Miss Jenny's practised glances—an upward look of the blue eyes, which, when executed with a proper suffusion of tears, had been found to be irresistible.

The aquatic element was lacking on the present occasion, as there was no proper opportunity for its introduction, so a sort of timid, tremulous little smile, a kind of deprecating humble confession of unworthiness, did duty instead, and was very successful. And John Irving, looking down into the dainty, flower-like face, felt an almost irresistible impulse compelling him to stoop and kiss the rosy face then and there. But he restrained himself, having due consideration for the proprieties, and contented himself with remarking, enthusiastically:

"Darling, you are an angel!"

"An angel! Laws! if the angels is like her, I pity the critters as get to heaven," muttered an old woman who passed just then, tugging home her weekly mountain of frilled skirts and flounced dresses to Mrs. Wyldie's house, and who often suffered from the young lady's temper and caprices.

But the remark was unheard, and the happy pair pursued their walk in peace.

They strolled on till they left the village behind them, and emerged into the pleasant woods and fields of the country beyond. At last they reached a lovely spot, known in the parlance of the young people of the village as the Lovers' Retreat. It was a shady nook, at the foot of a well-wooded hill, and on the bank of a sparkling little stream, whose babbling waters chattered merrily of their own concerns as they danced away over the pebbles.

Here the engaged pair halted and sat down. The soft, golden sunshine of an evening in early June was around them, the birds sang overhead, and the breath of flowers floated on the odorous air. Earth seemed a new Eden, and they as fond and well nigh as innocent as the world's first pair of wedded lovers; but, as ever in all earthly Edens, the serpent of deceit was hidden not far away; no farther, in fact, than in the vain little heart of the pretty Eve of that imitation Paradise.

"John," began Miss Wyldie, after a moment's pause, during which Dr. Irving sat gazing at her, and comparing her, in his heart, to a blush rose. "John, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, darling? A secret?"

"Oh, no—only a little plan of mine. In fact, John, I am going to the sea-side to spend the summer."

"What! Away from us all here—away from me! Oh, Jenny!"

"Now, John, don't be tiresome!" ejaculated Miss Jenny, very glad in her secret heart that this announcement, for which this afternoon walk had been planned and executed, had been taken so quietly. "I'll tell you all about it. You know, last summer, when I was at Brighton with the Clemmons, I met Mrs. Latour, the great belle and leader of fashion. Well, we were quite intimate all the time we were there, and this summer she wants me to join a party which she is making up to go and spend the summer at



Torquay. And I think I shall accept her invitation."

"But, Jenny, do you not know that I cannot leave my practice? And, besides, Torquay is so far from here that I could only—"

"And, by the way, John, you must promise me one thing. I don't want the story of our engagement to get out till I come home; for if it does I shall not have one bit of attention this summer!"

"Attention! Jenny, do you care for the attention of other men? I thought you loved me!"

"So I do," said the young lady, sketching a big true-lover's knot on the dusty ground with the point of her parasol as she spoke. "But I don't want to be tied down, and give up all my fun just yet. I do not think you need grudge me this one summer's pleasure, John."

"I do not grudge it to you, dear, only I am sorry to lose your company for so long; but you will have a pleasant time, I daresay, and I will try to run down to Torquay as often—"

"Stop," said Jenny, holding up her finger; "that you must not do. I want to have just this one summer before I settle down for good, and if you come running after me you will be sure to let out that we are engaged."

"Jenny, this is very hard!"

"Now, do be reasonable, John."

"It is you who are unreasonable. I do not think you do right in asking such a thing of me."

Whereupon Miss Jenny began to cry. She knew how to do it wonderfully well; the blue eyes looked so soft and tender under their liquid veil, and her pretty cheeks showed like dew-sprinkled roses; beside which she was very good at a smothered little sob, like that of a tired-out baby, which was adapted to touch the heart of any man not wholly a brute.

So when she got to the sobbing point John relented and begged Miss Jenny to forgive him, which she graciously consented to do, after much persuasion.

Thus it was settled that Miss Wyldie was to spend the summer at Torquay under the guardianship and chaperonage of Mrs. Crosby Latour.

Mrs. Wyldie had been talked over before; not that Jenny had had much trouble with her widowed mother, for she was an only child, and had a small fortune in her own right, so that poor, weak Mrs. Wyldie had not much power or control over her wilful daughter. Even had she been thoroughly acquainted with the character of the lady under whose care Jenny was about to place herself it is doubtful if she would have been able to restrain or hinder her from carrying out her plans.

Myra Latour was a married flirt. Flirting was the aim and object of her life—the thing she had, like Lamb's Mrs. Battle with whist, come into the world to do, and she did it. She was not impelled thereto by conjugal unhappiness, for Crosby Latour was a good-natured, harmless sort of being enough; but, as serpents were created to bite, so Myra Latour was born to flirt, and she flirted—flirted with anybody that could be called a man, and in any place that had a shady corner convenient for soft whispers and softer glances.

Not that she was attractive by reason of her beauty, for, apart from a shapely form and a pair of velvety dark eyes, her claims to beauty were but small. Besides, she had passed the fatal age of thirty. Yet many a younger and fairer woman had seen her cavalier lured from her by the soft glances of those dangerous eyes or the liquid accents of that melodious voice.

Then, too, Mrs. Latour had the art always to surround herself with a solar system of young and pretty girls, of whom she was the central luminary, and who were, in their turn, surrounded by satellites who basked in the rays of their radiant centre, and served to swell her following and increase her importance.

Several members of this fair phalanx having seceded on account of matrimony, Mrs. Latour felt herself compelled to look about for new recruits, and so her thoughts naturally reverted to the pretty, piquante little girl whom she met at Brighton the year before, and in whom she had recognized, not only a future auxiliary, and possibly a valuable one, but also a kindred spirit.

Hence the invitation to Miss Wyldie to join her party at Torquay—an invitation which the young lady had first accepted with eagerness, and then set about getting permission from parent and future husband.

The weeks that intervened between the promenade we have chronicled and the day of Miss Jenny's departure were weeks fraught with much millinery and many new garments for the young lady, and with very little satisfaction for John Irving, who had expected to pass much of that period in the companionship of his betrothed, but who found his claims superseded by the claims of the dressmaker, and who, on the few and unfrequent occasions when he

was permitted to see her, was constantly interrupted by such speeches from the regions above as "Miss Jenny, will you have the blue-silk trimmed with flounces or folds?" "Miss Jenny, shall I gore all the widths of your gray poplin?" "Miss Jenny, did you get the black velvet for your white gauze?" "Will you have six roses in your hat or only four?"

The poor fellow was well nigh demented. He bore it all, however, with that gentle, kindly patience often to be observed in large-minded and large-hearted men, and which makes them such unresisting victims to the wiles of kittenish maidens and shrewish wives.

At last the bright July morning came on which he bade farewell to his lady-love at the station and saw her whirled away in the carriage, with a paper-covered novel in her lap, her face bright with gay anticipation, and her lips wreathed with smiles. And he, poor fellow, went slowly and sorrowfully home, with all the sadness of the parting aching at his large, honest heart, and with a gnawing, cankerous little doubt of the perfect loveliness and ardent attachment of that heart's-idol creeping into his soul. For John Irving was no fool, though he had been rendered blind and bewildered by reason of the prettiness and the witchery of the only woman who had ever really fascinated him.

The hotel swooped down upon by Mrs. Latour and her gay and thoughtless set had been a quiet, sober house in bygone days, famed mostly for its excellent cuisine and the respectability and high standing of the guests; but these noisy intruders had brought with them a certain amount of gaiety and life which the old hotel had never known before; and on this particular August evening of which we write there was an unwonted stir and animation perceptible.

A ball, with a sapper to follow, had been planned by some of Mrs. Latour's particular admirers, and was to be put that evening into execution, regardless of the quiet matrons, whose easy games of whist and confidential chats were thus broken up by the unceremonious appropriation of the drawing-room by the younger members of the circle. But deference for age and consideration for the comfort of others are two virtues as unfashionable as untrimmed dresses at the present day, and so the elderly people had been invited to step out, and the chairs in the drawing-room were duly ranged in rows, and knotted together with handkerchiefs, while the musicians tuned their instruments, and the children skirmished in and out of the room, or peeped furtively in at the door, awed by the stern visage and savage tones of that high and mighty personage, the leader of the entertainment, who was superintending the preliminary arrangements.

On the porch outside the dispossessed married ladies sat in solemn conclave, and discussed people and things with freedom, though with truth, while gaily attired girls flitted in and out through the darkness, and every doorway was a nucleus for a group of white-crowned, dress-coated and white-gloved beaux, who were awaiting there the advent of their respective partners.

"Here comes Myra Latour," said one of these ladies as Mrs. Latour, arrayed in a jetty cloud of lace and tulle, her white shoulders showing, in their dusky draperies, like pearls in a black enamel setting, and her hands loaded with bouquets, swept slowly past. "She is always ready half an hour before every one else."

"I think I saw Miss Trevor come downstairs just now," said another. "And Miss Wyldie was in the parlour half an hour ago."

"Oh! she is with Nugent Bates. I saw them go off together just before we came out here."

"It is a pity," said another speaker, "that Miss Wyldie's mother, if she has a mother, should let her run about the world unchaperoned, and apparently unprotected. She is too pretty and too forward to be allowed to go alone in such a reckless fashion."

"Jenny Wyldie? Wild Jenny, as the young men call her? Yes, she out-Herods Herod. Even Myra Latour is distanced by her this summer."

"Down by the sea with Nugent Bates this evening; flirting with Allan Westbury on the back piazza till past midnight last night; driving out alone with that horrid scamp, Rupert Delahaye—I should say that John Jenny had earned her nick-name very fairly."

"Who is to be her partner to-night?"

"Oh! Nugent Bates, of course. I wonder if his sister, Mrs. Conway, feels pleased to see him carrying on so with this girl. You know she tried hard to make up a match between Nugent and Gussie Harris last summer, after old Mr. Harris died and left Gussie so much money; but, somehow, the whole thing fell through."

"Don't be so sure of that. I have half a notion that they are privately engaged. Besides, Harriet Conway need not be afraid of any serious consequences from Nugent's flirtation with that Miss

Wyldie. He has too much sense to marry a girl who has been so talked about."

Just then the speakers were startled by the sudden appearance of a young man, a stranger, who, emerging from the shadow of one of the pillars near which the group was seated, moved swiftly off. The conversation took another turn, and Miss Wyldie and her flirtations were for a time forgotten.

Meanwhile the stranger who had so startled the speakers kept on his way till he reached a portion of the piazza devoted to the gentlemen. There, lighting a cigar, he sat down in the shadow of one of the pillars, and remained apparently lost in thought.

A few minutes later Miss Wyldie, leaning on her attendant cavalier's arm, came swiftly up the dark path and crossed the lighted piazza, to enter the drawing-room, where the dancers were rapidly assembling.

Pretty as a pink! If Mrs. Raymond's epithet had been true when applied to the young lady in ordinary walking costume it was doubly correct when its fair object was arrayed in that most becoming of dresses, a demi-evening dress. It was only a white muslin, ruffled, puffed, and flounced à la mode; but the Roman scarf of pale blue and rose-colour, which served as a sash, was so artistically knotted, and there was so much style and grace in the daintily coiffed head, with its tiny bow of ribbon to match the sash, set amid the shining masses of gold; and a handsome ornament or two were so judiciously disposed to heighten the effect of the whole that the pretty wearer looked prettier than ever.

Whatever else Miss Jenny might have lost during her sojourn, under the tutelage of Myra Latour, she had undoubtedly gained in style and general elegance.

The dance progressed smoothly and merrily; and, next to Mrs. Latour, Jenny Wyldie was the bright particular star of the evening; her youth, her freshness, her keen enjoyment of all gaiety and fun, and, above all, the charm of novelty, having made her the great success of the season.

At last the ball came to an end; the tired-out musicians gathered up their instruments and departed, the sleepy-looking waiters came to extinguish the lights, and the dancers dispersed, some to retire to rest, while others, wakeful with excitement, and still unwearied, went out on the broad piazza to inhale the delicious salt air and to take a look at the moon.

Among these last were Nugent Bates and Miss Wyldie; but their promenading was cut suddenly short by the appearance of a dark figure from behind one of the pillars, who, advancing into the moonlight, stood full in the path of the pair.

The young lady uttered a stifled scream.

"John—John Irving!" she cried. "Why, where in the world did you come from?"

"No farther than from the hotel here. May I request the favour of a few minutes' conversation with you? This gentleman will excuse you, no doubt."

"Certainly. An old friend from home, Mr. Bates; and I am so anxious to hear all the news."

Nugent Bates, with a half-uttered phrase of regret, released the young lady's arm from his own, bowed, and departed. Then Jenny turned to the unwelcome intruder with a half-frown upon her brow.

"You startled me terribly just now, and you have forgotten your promise to me. Did you not promise to let me spend this summer in peace?"

There was no lover-like rapture in John Irving's face or manner as he stood there in the bright moonlight before his betrothed. Weeks had stretched themselves into months since they two had stood face to face, and yet it was the stern countenance of a judge, not the charmed look of a reunited lover, that he bent on the flushed, vexed visage of the young girl.

"I will not trouble you long," he said, in tones whose firm, cold evenness thrilled her heart with something very like affright, "nor will I pause to ask you if I am the only one of us twain who has forgotten a promise. But I come of an old-fashioned race, and I have been reared in old-fashioned ideas, and amongst them is the opinion that a young lady's lips and waist are to be held sacred from all masculine touch save from the man who is about to become her husband. I saw Allan Westbury snatch a kiss from you last evening; it was not hard for him to do, I must confess. I saw Nugent Bates's arm around your waist when you were down by the sea together a while ago. Rupert Delahaye wears to-night the rosebud that he took from your hair yesterday. To which of those three men are you engaged?"

"You know I am engaged to neither of them. I was engaged to you; but you have no right to play the spy upon me!"

"No right when the whole happiness of my life was at stake? No right to look on at a game played before a hundred spectators? When rumours reached me three weeks ago of the merry sports here I determined that I would come down to see for myself. I

have been staying for three days at another hotel, but I have lingered here of evenings in the darkness till I have heard and seen enough."

"What?"

This one word came 'quick and' sharp, for Miss Jenny was aware of more than one frolic that would tell but ill for her behaviour, if retailed to her friends.

"It does not matter what I know. I have told you some of the things I have seen; but you may trust me—no unkind word respecting you shall ever pass my lips. But our engagement is at an end, and I leave you free to follow your own devices in the future."

"Oh, John, what do you mean? You surely are not so foolish as to break our engagement just for such nonsense?" and Miss Jenny, smitten to the heart by the thought of losing not only John Irving and his comfortable property but Mrs. Raymond's handsome fortune in the future as well, burst into a very real and unforced fit of weeping.

But her tears were of no effect. Samson had broken the seven green withes of Delilah, and her wiles were powerless to retain him.

"Could you for a moment fancy that I would make you my wife did I once find out your style of behaviour at this place? I have loved you very dearly—Heaven alone knows how dearly; and my heart, as I put you from it, is almost broken; but better that it should ache now than be made desolate hereafter. Had you ever loved me, Jenny, you could not have played at love-making with these men—frivolous pleasure-seekers all, who will dance with you, flirt with you, romp with you; but never, never love you as I have done. For I did love you, Jenny, as dearly."

"Then why are you so cross to me, John?" She turned toward him with a timid smile breaking through the lustre of her tears. "You know I love you—"

"Stop!" he said, quickly, holding up his hand as if to repel her, for she had advanced a step or two toward him. "Do not profane the name of that most sacred feeling. You love me! Dare you say that, with another man's kisses upon your face, and the print of still another man's arm fresh on the ribbon that girds your waist? No, no, you never loved me—that I know now. Go to your admirers, pick out the one you like best, and may he be happy with his wife."

Without another look at the tearful face, that shewed so fair in the moonlight, he turned away, sprang from the piazza, and was lost to sight in the distant shadows.

"After all, it is as well," she said to herself, on her way up to bed. "He was horribly dignified, and now I shall spend next winter with Myra Latour, and marry Nugent Bates."

And John Irving! Did he too go his way, light hearted and uncaring, after the words that severed him for ever from the woman he loved had been spoken? Does the strong soldier suffer nothing after the surgeon's keen knife has removed the shattered limb, or the gangrened flesh, that else would cause his death? A dull headache, a sore sense of loss, long haunted the true heart that had shaped itself into so grand a shrine for such an unworthy little idol.

It is such natures as that of John Irving which alone have the capacity for suffering. The empty-headed and hollow-hearted expose an impervious shell to the stings and arrows of wronged or misplaced affection. The souls that find their aspirations filled by a dance, a flirtation, or a bouquet, are not apt to be troubled by yearning tendernesses or mistaken fondness. The soldier who snatched the silver cup from the banqueting table in "Quentin Durward" bore his booty away applauded, and in safety; but he that clutched the gem-decked vase of gold saw his prize torn from his grasp, and he perished miserably.

L. H. H.

**A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF SILK-WORMS' EGGS.**—A freight car loaded with silkworms' eggs recently passed over the Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to New York. They were from Japan, and were consigned to a Paris house. The weight of the eggs was 9½ tons, and they were valued at over 2,000,000 dollars. They were packed upon leaves, layer upon layer, and placed in air-tight tin-boxes, which were again enclosed in matting, while the car was kept carefully darkened, and the temperature below freezing point.

**EATING TOO MUCH.**—It has been lately pointed out that while many people doubtless do eat too much, that some are over-anxious lest they should err in that direction. The following passage, from the translation of a recent paper by Dr. Max von Pettenkofer, supports this view:—"It is only a short time ago that it was customary in physiology to speak of a superfluous or luxurious consumption. According to certain physiologists, as long as the

body is able to perform its functions, even though suffering from hunger, to take more food was luxury. But Bischoff and Voit fully demonstrated by their experiments on nutrition that the result of a nourishment so restricted is a state of want—a continual famine incompatible, in the long run, with the normal conditions of life. The body has need of a certain well-being—of a small excess of nourishment in order to preserve its strength and vigour. What just prevents death from hunger is not sufficient. It is as if we were to restrain the organism from producing any more heat than suffices to prevent death from cold, under pretext that all beyond this limit was superfluity and luxury."

## FACTIÆ.

**THE SHIP WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAS NOW GIVEN UP.**—The Court-Ship.

It is said that one green tulle dress contains arsenic enough to kill a man; and yet men don't seem to be afraid to go near green tulle dresses.

A RED-NOSED citizen of Aberdeen is recorded as saying, "I can always tell water when I see it, it looks so much like whisky."

MUGGINS, who has some "music in his soul," says that the most cheerful and soothing of all fireside melodies are the bleated tones of a cricket, a tea-kettle, a loving wife and a crowing baby.

SCARCE.—A philosopher, after listening to various exploits of early days narrated by a party of gentlemen, broke in with: "Well, fellows, I tell you it seems to me that as men get older fun gets scarcer!"

THE FLORIN FLOORED.—A sovereign is conveniently divided into eight half-crowns; to abolish the cherished friend of our schoolboys would be the eighth of ingratitude.—*Punch.*

NO CAMPBELL.—A Scotch baker having got fined for adulterating his bread with alum, acquired among his countrymen the appellation of MacAlum More.—*Punch.*

NEEDED.—Can it be said that Government leaves no stone unturned to secure the honour of England so long as Cleopatra's Needle is buried in the sand?—*Fun.*

FOUNDED.—The principle of the compound marine steam engine is attracting attention. We are at a loss to imagine why owners should wish to see their engines "compound"!—*Fun.*

STACKING LAND.—It may not be true, but it is said that an Irishman, after he had seen the mountain ranges of Scotland, exclaimed, "I never was in a country before where they had so much land that they had to stack it."

A SPANISH gentleman studying English, being at the table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue, in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me that language."

A LADY sitting down to a dinner of roast veal, the other day, exclaimed while eating, "I do think that butchers are the most cruel creatures that ever lived; these poor calves! another piece off the shoulder, if you please, Mr. Smith."

THE SAME AS HIS FATHER.

Friendly Guest: "And what are you going to be, my little man, when you grow up?"

Little Boy: "Mother says I'll be just the same good for nothing as my father."

THEY say a woman requires more sleep than a man. Why don't they take it, then, and not always lay awake to administer curtain lectures to their spouses at night, and wake up first in the morning for the purpose of giving their admonitions?

A COMPLIMENT.

Mrs. Jones: "My husband is not at home; as you know me you can leave the letter."

Messenger (very frankly): "It's because I know you that I can't leave it."

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—Fashionable lady coming out of church: "What a powerful sermon! I was never before so impressed with the duty and privilege of giving freely. I am determined to do better, and to send this very week another silk dress to my daughter."

A POSER.

"Doesn't a Quaker ever take off his hat to anyone, mamma?"

"No, my dear."

"If he doesn't take off his hat to a barber how does he ever get his hair cut?"

"My son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a happy New Year?"

"No, ma," responded the boy. "Well, why not?"

"Because," said the youth, "she isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go in for me."

DOMESTIC AMENITIES.—The lady who tapped her husband gently with a fan at a party, the other night, said, "Love, it's growing late; I think we had

better go home," is the same one who, after getting home, shook the rolling-pin under his nose, and said, "You old scoundrel, you, if you ever look at that mean, mackerel-eyed thing that you looked at to-night, I'll break your head for you."

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—A gratifying proof of the advancement of education was afforded by a young officer, who, being asked by his colonel what a *recedos* meant, replied that it was the rear division of the army of martyrs.—*Punch.*

OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

Employer: "Before I engage you it is only fair to tell you that all my employes reside in my house, and that it is closed punctually at ten every night."

Employe: "Oh, that doesn't matter, if it is opened early enough in the morning."

At a juvenile party a young gentleman, about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him: "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

SCIENTIFIC.

Pedagogue: "What are the properties of heat?"

Pupil: "Heat expands and cold contracts, and that's what makes the days longer in summer and shorter in winter."

Pedagogue: "There, that will do; you may go out and play, and don't study any more to-day."

A SORE POINT.

First Artistic Clerk: "Well, how did your private theatricals go off?"

Second Ditto: "Pre'y well. My moustache went off at once, but nothing would induce the pistol to go off in the duel scene!"—(Dropping the Subject)—"How's your mother?"—*Punch.*

SCULPTURE IN THE CITY.—The Albert Monument in Holborn deserves a word of passing notice. It is a very neatly executed work, remarkable chiefly for the smoothness of the equestrian figure's clothing. A perfectly unwrinkled uniform, represented as sitting close to the body, suggests the idea of a statue of the late Prince Consort, accoutred as a Field Marshal, as he appeared when he rode out of a bandbox.—*Punch.*

NECESSITAS NON HABET RYE-LAWS.

Guard (excitedly, to First-Class Passenger, who had evidently been dining)—The Train has stopped suddenly, to the general alarm: "Did you touch the communicator, sir?"

First-Class Passenger: "O'mun'cat? I wang the bell just now for some brandy-'n-soda!"—*Punch.*

WINTER MUSIC.—Although this year there is no winter, there are plenty of winter concerts, besides those which take place weekly at the Crystal Palace. In the parks there are the concerts daily given by the thrushes, and in the streets the bands and barrel-organs are in continual play. Unchecked by any frost, the hounds throughout the country are daily in full cry, and make music that is melancholy only to the fox.—*Punch.*

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.—"Now, Johnny," said a venerable lady to her six-year-old nephew, who was persistently denying an offence of which she accused him, "I know you are not telling the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ that had so nearly betrayed his want of veracity, Johnny exultingly replied, "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; that eye was always a little streaked."

FOOLISH QUESTION.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked a clergyman of a couple who stood up before him.

"Well, sir, you must be green to ask me such a question as that. Do you think I'd be such a idiot as to take this 'ere gal if I wasn't determined to have her? Drive on, and don't ax foolish questions."

A YOUNG PRUDE.—A young American woman of a very prudish turn was hurt in a railway accident and taken to the hospital, when the doctor asked what was the matter with her. One of her limbs, she said, was injured. "Well," he returned, "but which limb?" "Oh, I can't tell you, doctor, but it's one of my limbs." "Oh, nonsense," cried the doctor, out of all patience; "which is it—the limb you thread a needle with?" "No, sir," she answered, with a blush, "the limb I wear a garter on."

BROKEN EGG-SHELL.

Inspired Being: "Whence, oh, whence, ladies, whence, oh, whence came the marvellous instinct that prompted the minute being originally contained in this fragile shell to burst the calcareous envelope that secluded it from the glories of the outward world?"

Chorus of Admiring Ladies: "Whence, oh, whence, indeed, Mr. Honeycomb!"

Master Tommy: "P'raps the little beggar was afraid he'd be boiled!"—*Punch.*

A MYSTERIOUS GIRL.—The San Francisco paper



tell about a young woman out there who is known as "the mysterious deaf and dumb girl;" and one of the reporters went to interview her a short time ago. While he was standing by her, taking notes of the intelligence conveyed to him by signs, he happened to remark to a companion that a girl who had such a nose as that ought to be deaf and dumb, as a punishment for lending herself to such an outrage. He had only time to wonder why his companion slid down the banister so suddenly, when he was surprised to find himself lying at the bottom of the stairs with a coal-scuttle on him and the girl coming down three steps at a time with a rolling pin in one hand and a bed slat in the other. He thinks now she is more mysterious than ever.

**DIES MIRABILIS!**

(Friday, January 23, 1874.)

*A Union.*—Prince Alfred married to the Russian Grand Duchess Marie.

*A Dissolution.*—Mr. Gladstone appeals to the country, and goes to Greenwich. Mr. Disraeli foresees a Dis-solution of the difficulties.

Leicester Square presented to the public, as a gift, by A. Grant.

Mr. Whalley, M.P., committed to prison for contempt of court. Takes a dose of Holloway.

All this in one day! No wonder that this is a most unusual sort of winter.—*Punch.*

"WHICH is the plainest—*you, I, or So-and-so?*" asked a young lady. "Well, I don't know," replied her friend. "Anyhow, you are the queerest."

"It's really very odd, my dear," said an old lady one very hot day to a friend. "I can't bear the heat in summer, and in winter I love it."

*RATHER PREMATURE.*—A poet opened his front door suddenly and surprised a guilty looking man, who was just in the act of depositing a neatly covered basket on the door-step. The meeting was not rapturous. "Ah!" said the poet, rushing out and grasping the man by the collar, while he plied the sole of his heavy boot, which he had taken off, "what do you mean, you villain, by leaving a baby on my door-step? It's not mine. Ah! I have you, scoundrel! I'll show you how to abandon an infant to the cold mercies of the world!" And all these remarks were punctuated by the rhythm of his boot. "I hain't left any baby at your door," said the man, taking up the basket and lifting the cover; "as an admirer of your poetry I brought a goose for you, and your own bad poetical conscience and the family likeness have made you think that it was your deserted baby brought back." The poet wanted to turn it off into a joke, but he had begun too heartily the wrong way.

**WASTING TIME.**

One day a grand official happened to be passing through a Government office with which he was connected. There he saw a man standing before the fire reading a newspaper.

Hours afterwards, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended, before the same fire, still buried in the columns of a newspaper.

"Hullo, sir!" cried the indignant head of the department, "what are you doing?"

"Can't you see what I am doing?" was the answer.

"Sir, I came through this office four hours ago, and found you reading the paper; I return, and you are still wasting your time in the same manner."

"Very true; you have stated the case to a nicety."

Hereupon head of department naturally fires up.

"What is your name, sir?" he says.

"Well, I don't know as my name is any affair of yours—what is your name?"

"Sir, I would have you know that I am the So-and-so of the post-office!"

"Indeed! well, I am very glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public who have been kept waiting here four hours for an answer to a simple question, and I shall be much obliged if you will use your influence to get me attended to."

**JEWELLERY PRESENTS MADE FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.**—Amongst the presents in jewellery made for his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh were the following:—A large bracelet in the style of Henry II. composed of a groundwork of massive gold, entirely enamelled in white and black, the band supporting the centre pierced a four with scrolls; the centre too form a locket at pleasure, composed of a matchless star sapphire surrounded by four specimen pearls, four rubies, and double rows of picked brilliants; when worn as a pendant it is fitted with a loop of brilliants, and a large and perfect drop-shaped pearl as a pendant. A cross of Celtic design and reproduction, finely wrought in gold, chased, engraved, and enamelled, and containing in the body and arms a specimen sapphire, ruby, pearl, cat's eye, and star sapphire. A pendant in the Holbein style, composed of a specimen black pearl centre, and a

drop pearl as pendant; around the centre are five brilliants and four large rubies, the whole being delicately pierced and enamelled in colours, and the four spaces between the rubies occupied by pierced double cyphers of the letter "A." his Royal Highness's monogram. An original necklace in the Tudor style, composed expressly for her Royal Highness, and the pendants of which are designed from a picture in the royal collection at Hampton Court. From two double finely woven gold chains, separated by round black and white pearls at intervals throughout their length, depend the three Tudor pendants, composed of fine gold enamelled and wrought. The centres of the three pendants are composed of a remarkably large ruby, a rare yellow sapphire, and a violet sapphire, or Oriental amethyst of the deepest colour; each also contains four round pearls and one drop pearl, all selected and perfectly matching, four intermediate pendants of white and black pearls completing the ornament.

**THE LANGUAGE OF THE BELLS.**

Downs in a peaceful sylvan dell,  
Echo responding to the bell,  
Repeats the call to rise, to rise,  
Before the sun has lit the skies.  
The time, the time, the time has come,  
To toil, to toil, to toil; the hum  
Of wheels whispers 'tis well, 'tis well,  
Obey the morning work-shop bell!

'Tis noon—gone is the dew that fell.  
The hollow sky, like a vast bell,  
Is ringing with the cheerful chime  
Of music, like the rhythmic rhyme  
Of singing birds, of singing birds,  
Or ringing words, or ringing words,  
Too soon 'tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis well  
To heed the welcome dining bell!

Day closes like a closing shell,  
The silence broken by the bell  
Gives place to tones that fill the air,  
Like music melting into prayer.  
Another day has passed away;  
The evenings gray, like nuns to pray,  
Come not to dwell, come not to dwell,  
Says the evening bell, evening bell.

Two loving hearts with raptures swell,  
The soft notes of a cooing bell  
Sound sweetly to the listening ear:  
"Oh, darling dear, time's near—'tis here!  
Swift flying, happy, golden hours  
Come crowned with fragrant snow-white  
flowers.

Through life, sweet wife, we'll dwell  
In love," rings the sweet wedding-bell.

Loud clanging like an angry knell,  
At midnight bear the awful bell;  
Loud and louder, nigh and nigher,  
Ringing, ringing, fire! fire! fire! fire!  
Awake! arise! the crimson skies  
Seem all ablaze! a banner flies,  
Of flame, where stormy tempests swell!  
"Put out the fire!" exclaims the bell.

Soft sounds of love and duty tell  
The heart attuned to a sweet bell,  
That beats in holy harmony,  
And throbs with joyful ecstasy  
To worship here—to worship here  
With contrite soul and heart sincere.  
"Tis here the Christian loves to dwell,"  
Exclaims the cheerful Sabbath bell.

G. W. B.

**GEMS.**

A good beginning is half the work. A debt is adorned by payment. Roguery is the last of trades.

NEVER take a crooked path while you can see a straight one. Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

DISEASE comes in by hundredweights and goes out by ounces. Every little frog is great in his own bog.

An old friend is worth two new ones. Be praised not for your ancestors but for your virtues. A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

Of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and, with that, the conversation of a well-chosen friend.

**AUSTRALASIAN GOLD.**—The imports of Australasian gold into the United Kingdom in 1873 exhibited a large increase as compared with 1872, having

amounted to 9,471,601*l.*, as compared with 6,014,621*l.* in 1872, and 6,919,480*l.* in 1871. The increase in the imports was still continuing at the close of last year, the receipts of December having been 1,311,672*l.*, as compared with 618,996*l.* in 1872, and 433,647*l.* in 1871. The Star and Peace Company, Hawkin's Hill, New South Wales, have cut a rich vein of stone in its new shaft, and specimens which have reached Sydney were considered highly satisfactory.

**HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.**

**A REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.**—One ounce of tannic acid is to be dissolved in about a pint of water, and four scruples of iodine in a sufficiency of concentrated alcohol. The two solutions are then mixed together, and enough water is added to make up two pints of fluid. The best time for using the remedy is on going to bed. The solution is placed on a slow fire in an earthen or china vessel; the part affected with chilblains is then introduced into the fluid, and is to be kept there until the liquid becomes too hot to be borne. The part is then to be withdrawn, and to be dried by being kept near the fire. When chilblains are ulcerated it is best to diminish the quantity of iodine.

**THE PURIFICATION OF TALLOW AND LARD.**—Dr. Ditch states that tallow and lard can be kept from getting rancid by the following process: The tallow or lard is first treated with carbonate of soda in the proportion of 2 pounds of soda to every 1,000 pounds of lard, and is then subjected to a digestion with alum in the following manner: 10 pounds of alum are dissolved in 500 pounds of water, and 1 pound slaked lime added to the solution and boiled. This solution is stirred well with 1,000 pounds of lard at a temperature of 150 deg. or 200 deg. Fah. for about half an hour. The liquor is then separated from the lard and the lard is treated with the same amount of pure water again. This lard will keep for an exceedingly long time. The fact is that the alumina in the alum applied acts very readily in a disinfecting manner upon those compounds which are liable to give rise to rancidity. The lime is added to the alum in order to render the alumina more active by its giving up some of the acid to the lime. This treatment has also the advantages of restoring the original flavour and of producing a lard of a greater whiteness.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

THE Poet-Laureate is engaged on an ode of welcome to the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna.

THERE is a special reservation respecting the marriage contract that the Grand Duchess's dowry and presents are to return to St. Petersburg in case of the death of the Princess without children.

M. PAUL DU CHAILLU, of gorilla fame, has just returned to New York after a stay of three years in the Arctic countries of Europe. We may shortly expect an account of his travels in Lapland.

A SPLENDID mansion, with a spacious music-room and a most complete organ, is being erected in the Birdcage Walk, St. James's Park, by Mr. J. Hankey, a highly esteemed patron of arts and literature.

A SPLENDIDLY enamelled chalice, the work of Paul Raymond, the celebrated enameller of the sixteenth century, has recently been acquired by the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. The chalice was discovered by M. Gérardin, an antiquary of Marseilles, who sold it to the baron for 10,000*l.*

WE learn that the Countess d'Eu, Princess Imperial of Brazil, now in France with her husband, the eldest son of the Duke de Nemours, is in an interesting situation. This lady is the eldest daughter of Dom Pedro II. and heiress to the throne of Brazil.

**IRON SHIPBUILDING.**—A first-class iron steamship has been recently launched at Belfast from the works of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The vessel, which is named the "Star of Bengal," is intended to trade between London and Calcutta. It is one of a series of nine vessels built at Belfast for the same trade. The dimensions are—Length, 262ft.; breadth of beam, 40ft.; depth in hold, 23ft. 6in.; and the registered tonnage is 1,800 tons. It is built solely of iron, with iron masts and bowsprit, and is rigged in the style of a full ship.

**A NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE.**—The great iron bridge of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad Company, crossing the Mississippi river at Louisiana, Mo., was completed on the 23rd Dec., 1873. This bridge consists of nine spans, ranging from 160ft. to 260ft. in width. The draw, which is 444ft. in length, is the longest in the world. The total length of the bridge is 2,052ft., and in it and of it are 5,000 cubic yards of masonry, 50,000 cubic yards of rip-rap, 250,000 cubic yards of earth embankment, and its superstructure is all iron.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**BUST FINGERS.**—Any dyer would do it for you.  
Q.—Winchester is the oldest of our large public schools.

**SAILOR.**—The "Victory," the flagship of Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, 21st Oct., 1855, is kept in fine preservation in Portsmouth harbour.

**A. M.**—You will find abundance of purses in any large London bazaar, or at any large fancy dealer's.

**NEMO.**—The receipt appears in THE LONDON READER No. 561, bearing date January 31st.

**J. W. L.**—The father unquestionably has the power over his own children, but in case of ill usage—nothing else will suffice—a magistrate might be appealed to.

**ALICE.**—Wedding rings were used by the ancients, and were put upon the wedding finger from a supposed connection between a vein there and the heart. Wedding rings are to be manufactured of standard gold, by a statute of 1855.

**C. E. M.**—The verses have a pleasant melody, but the leading notion is rather obscure, and it is not adequately worked out. For an early performance it is however promising, and by study and care much may in time be accomplished.

**J. E. S.—1.** He is bound in law to pay towards the support of the child. 2. As he has admitted in the presence of a witness that would be decisive. 3. But, unless you come to some due arrangement, there is only one course—namely, to bring it before a court.

**S. F. T.**—The Crooles are the descendants of white people born in Mexico, South America, and the West Indies. As these people are of a very mixed race, the word is employed to mean one between a white and a negro.

**AMBITIOUS.**—Patent leather may be kept in good condition by being occasionally smeared over with a little milk. What is called "kid reverter"—by various makers—is sold by most large shoemakers, and it is certainly serviceable. For ordinary boots the best preparation, in wintry weather, is the common neatfoot oil.

**E. E. Q.**—Physicians and surgeons in their practice constantly name the days of the week by their Latin designations. These are as follows: Dies solis, or Sunday; Dies lunæ, Monday; dies Martis, Tuesday; dies Mercurii, Wednesday; dies Jovis, Thursday; dies Veneris, Friday; dies Saturni, Saturday.

**NOVELIST.**—An edition of Smollett's novels may be procured without much trouble at a second-hand bookseller's, and may be had at a little cost. More recent ones have been sadly mutilated. In justice to an author we had better have his productions complete, or else leave them alone utterly.

**OLD MAID.**—The case is somewhat involved, but the issue is perfectly manifest. (1) The husband may be compelled to maintain his wife and (2) to help in her past necessary expenses, but the latter might require some discussion. Cases of this sort are frequently reported in the newspapers. It is an ordinary case of desertion, only occurring in an aggravated form.

**ELECTOR.**—To accept the Chiltern Hundreds is for a member to resign his seat in Parliament. The steward of the Chiltern Hundreds is an officer of the Crown appointed to protect the people of Bucks from the robbers of the Chiltern hills. This office is now a sinecure, but as a member can only resign his seat by accepting office he accepts this sinecure, which however he immediately vacates for the benefit of others.

**ALEXANDER.**—Mrs. Malaprop is one of the characters in Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." The designation means inappropriate or misapplied; or, as the French would say, *mal à propos*. This celebrated character is noted for her strange misuse of words. "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile," is an instance in point. This piece with many others has been produced in the recent revival of Sheridan in London.

**HANNAH.**—I, Beredee (three syllables) is a curious piece of church decoration never known to Englishmen since the Reformation, till quite lately the Ritualists revived it. 2. The Duncard is a mock-heroic poem on dunces. It was written by Alexander Pope. 3. The Siliad has the same meaning. It is an ephemeral squib lately published, containing some amusing things. 4. You could not distil herbs without proper vessels.

**A SUFFERER.**—In cases of sleeplessness, what medical men term insomnia, chlorodyne may be applied with eminent advantage. But all those things should be used with great caution, very rarely, and only in extreme cases. Such sleeplessness indicates a serious disarrangement of the system. We should advise you to get good medical advice; knowing that, according to the old medical pro-

verb, "a stitch in time saves nine." This has been verified a thousand times.

**ALFRED H.**—Edward Oxford, a youth who had been a servant in a public-house, discharged two pistols at Queen Victoria and Prince Albert as they were proceeding up Constitution Hill in an open phaeton from Buckingham Palace, 10th June, 1840. He stood within a few yards of the carriage; but neither Her Majesty nor the Prince was injured. Oxford was tried at the Old Bailey, was adjudged to be insane, and was sent to Bethlehem Hospital.

**HELEN.**—The expression "He is a painfully bad singer," is quite correct grammatically. The word painfully is the ordinary adverb qualifying the adjective bad, which it serves to intensify. It is therefore as correct as when one might say he is a very bad singer. Such words (painfully, terribly, dreadfully, horribly, etc.), are only intensifier shades of meaning for the form very, or extremely, etc. It is perfectly admissible. 2. Any chemist will supply you with lozenges for the voice. A raw egg is highly recommended. To clear the voice, and to remove huskiness, take cayenne pepper in a little black coffee.

**INQUIRER.**—Concerning table turning, spirit rapping, and kindred matters there are three distinct theories—(1) Imposture. (2) Some force purely natural, analogous in some sort to electricity; or else sublimated into the doctrine of mental force, or matter and the entire arcana of spiritualism. (3) Demonic influence or possession. The second theory has been ably maintained by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., both a scientific man and a spiritualist. The third has been ably maintained in an article in the Dublin Review.

**A PAINTER.**—Concerning the serious swelling in your hands from which you have been suffering for the last six months, it is impossible to advise you without some knowledge of the cause. It might, for example, arise from a cold or from a blow, in which case a preparation of hartshorn would be found serviceable. It might arise from a partial paralysis—a most dangerous affair—for which bromide of potassium is now largely employed. Or it might be occasioned by blood poisoning, and, judging by your occupation, this seems somewhat probable. In either of the last cases consult a skillful practitioner at once. Delay is dangerous.

**HARD TO SUIT.**

Said she, "Pray tell me, if you can,  
Why men so bashful are?  
They fall in love, and dream, and sigh,  
And worship us afar;  
But when they strive to tell the tale  
They stutter, hesitate, and fail!"

"We ladies like a man, you know,  
One not afraid to speak."  
And here I thought a blush appeared  
Upon the maiden's cheek.  
Then to myself I said, "I see  
This maiden's heart belongs to me."

Then out I spoke—"Oh, lady fair,  
My heart, my life, is thine!  
And since I boldly speak my love,  
Pray wilt thou not be mine?"  
"No, sir," said she, with wondering stare,  
"Strange, how presuming some men are!"  
G. F. S.

**KING OF FRANCE,** a telegraph clerk, eighteen, 5ft 10in. Respondent must be not older than himself.

**ROSS,** nineteen, petite, dark hair, blue eyes. Respondent must be dark, and must be fond of home.

**MAUD,** eighteen, tall, with fair hair, and dark eyes. Respondent must be dark, and must be fond of home.

**W. W.,** eighteen, 5ft 9in, dark complexion, wishes to correspond with a young lady about the same age, who must be domesticated, and must have a private income.

**HARRY CATLOCK,** twenty-two, 5ft 5in, fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair. Respondent must be fond of home, and musically inclined.

**WINIFRED WINKIE,** seventeen, medium height, and considered handsome. Respondent must be fair, and fond of home and children.

**DAISY,** eighteen, tall, brown hair and eyes, desires to correspond with a young gentleman, dark, and fond of home; an ironmonger preferred.

**LOVING FLO,** seventeen, medium height, dark-brown hair, blue eyes, and considered pretty. Respondent must be tall, dark, and fond of home; a draper preferred.

**BRUCE BLOCK,** twenty-one, a seaman in the Royal Navy, fair complexion, blue eyes, and fond of home. Respondent must be dark, good looking, and domesticated.

**ANNETTA,** eighteen, fair, blue eyes, good figure, and fond of music. Respondent must be tall, dark, and a sailor preferred.

**MARIAN,** twenty-three, dark, of a loving disposition, and fond of home. Respondent must be tall, dark, well educated, and affectionate.

**AMY, MATTIE, and LILL,** all nineteen, wish to correspond with three good-looking young men, fond of music, and holding a good commercial position.

**GEORGE H.,** twenty-three, tall, fair, and with a good income, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-one. She must be dark, and of a loving disposition; one with a little money preferred.

**SON OF THE WAVES,** twenty-two, a seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, brown hair, loving, and has saved a little money, desires a fond and domesticated wife to be the companion of a warm-hearted sailor.

**EXCELSIOR,** twenty-eight, 5ft 8in, head clerk in a solicitor's office, handsome, and with good prospects of business advancement. Respondent must be a brunette, fond of music and dancing, and must possess some small income.

**TIMID MARQUETTE,** thirty-four, medium height, a blonde, fine figure, and considered very good looking. Is considered an excellent singer. Respondent must be domesticated, and one engaged in the City (London) preferred.

**DAUGHTER OF JUDAS,** a decided brunette, passionately fond of music, and speaking French and Italian fluently. Respondent must hold a good position—in or near Lon-

don—and one who would make a good, affectionate husband to a loving little wife.

**BILL SPARKER,** dark, of medium height, dark eyes, and considered good looking. Respondent must be not over twenty-one, dark, and good looking, and one who causing well.

**RUFERT OF THE RHINE,** thirty-three, dark, in a good social position, and an officer in the volunteer force. Respondent must be a blonde, educated, loving, and musical.

**EDITH M.,** nineteen, medium height, fair complexion. She can play, sing, and dance, and is in receipt of a handsome yearly income. Respondent must be a gentleman, and must occupy a good position.

**LOUIS G.,** eighteen, tall and fair, with soft blue eyes, and abundance of golden hair. Can sing very well, converses in French and German, and is fond of dancing, and has an income of her own. Respondent must be a gentleman, and must occupy a good position.

**CONSTANCE DE BEVERLEY,** twenty-four, petite, fair, light-brown hair, gray eyes, and possessing a small income. Respondent must be dark, affectionate, and one who would make a good husband; an officer in the Navy preferred.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**WILL-O'-THE-WISP** is responded to by—"M. W.," twenty-two, tall, fair, blue eyes, short tempered, and domesticated.

**BUSINESS HARRY** by—"Louise," short, dark, and thoroughly domesticated.

**BUTS** by—"Victor le Noir," who believes he would quite suit her.

**LILY ROSE** by—"Augustus," twenty-one, fair, tall, brown hair, and would make her an affectionate husband.

**JACK** by—"E. C.," twenty-nine, light-brown hair and eyes, and a native of London.

**STAMPEL SIMON** by—"S. E.," tall, and of a loving disposition.

**VALVE** by—"B. L.," medium height, good complexion, and quite domesticated.

**GERARD** by—"Mabel," twenty-one, dark, tall, and domesticated.

**RICHARD** by—"Louise," twenty, fair, and fond of home and children.

**LORELY BACHSLOR** by—"Daisy," who is a good housekeeper, and would make him a loving wife.

**J. H. H.** by—"Beatrice," who is dark, musical, and thinks she would make a very loving little wife.

**VALVE** by—"A. C.," twenty-five, fair, loving, and domesticated.

**ROBERT D.** by—"Eveline," nineteen, dark, considered good looking, and has an annual income of 200l.

**J. C. W.** by—"Olivia," fair, with light-brown hair, well educated, and would make him a loving wife.

**SABRETOUCH** by—"Clara T.," nineteen, fair, homely, and considered good looking, and thinks she quite answers to his description.

**HAROLD** by—"Adelaide," nineteen, medium height, dark, and a good housekeeper; and by—"Louise," nineteen, tall, educated, and fond of music.

**IDA** by—"Fred," twenty-eight, an architect, receiving a good income, and who thinks he answers her description.

**AMR** by—"Edward V.," a cashier, good tempered, and fond of home; and by—"Rupert," who would make her a good husband.

**FAN** by—"Treble," twenty, a tradesman's son, fair, receiving a moderate salary, and will be possessed of a small income when twenty-one.

**CONA** by—"Orlando," thirty-four, 5ft 9in, fair complexion, in a good situation, and has saved a few hundred pounds, is a total abstainer, a Protestant, a lover of home, and of good principles.

**H. A. B.** by—"Lizzie W.," twenty-three, medium height, dark hair and complexion, and thoroughly domesticated; and by—"Nellie P. G.," twenty-two, tall, brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, loving, and fond of home.

**ALPHONSINE** by—"Edwin," twenty, tall, brown curly hair, fair complexion, fond of home, and of a loving disposition; by—"Good as Gold," twenty-four, about 5ft 6in, of a loving disposition, and thinks he quite meets her views; by—"Herbert L.," twenty-five, a secretary in an office, 5ft 7in, dark-blue eyes, light-brown hair, and fond of home; by—"T. T.," forty-three, 5ft 7in, good looking; by—"S. H. B.," a veterinary surgeon, twenty-one, fair complexion, considered good looking, and fond of home; by—"Seraph," nineteen; by—"S. F.," twenty-six, tall, fair, considered good looking; by—"Guillemus," thirty, medium height, brown hair and eyes, in independent circumstances, having two hundred pounds per annum from property to live upon, fond of home, and of steady habits; and by—"M. H. H. K."

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